

THE BALTIMORE UNDERGROUND JOURNAL

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Serving the Baltimore underground community since 1969

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harry



Inside: Macing at Dept. of Education
 Underground Radio Conspiracy
 More From the Son of God
 Hold on to Your Weed
 Intentional Communities
 Other Good Stuff



Letters

Sir:

March should be an advance messenger of spring, the time when spaceship Earth, in this hemisphere, again begins to flower and show its willingness to please the desecrating humans who inhabit its surface. But for one of earth's gentle, beautiful, and most intelligent creatures, March is going to be a time of unrelieved horror. It starts on the coast of Norway and in the Gulf of St. Lawrence in Canada. Then it spreads to the Pribilof Islands off the Alaskan coast. What should be clean, free snow and ice, will swirl red with the blood of countless innocents. March is the month the seals die in, harpooned, shot, stabbed, clubbed senseless and skinned alive. We are brutal enough to our own kind, must we also bring our murderous talents to focus on absolutely defenseless creatures like these? What can you do? You can write the Canadian and Norwegian Ambassadors in Washington. Write Nixon too, the Alaskan slaughter is another of our national scandals. A post card each would do the job, and fifteen cents isn't too much to spend to take a hand in stopping this disgusting carnage.

White Bear.

Dear HARRY,

You're just beautiful! It's about time Baltimore had a paper of interest.

Keep up the good work!

Love & Peace,
Cindy

P.S. a message to the People everywhere

Peace is the word for all mankind

I am your brother, you are mine

Love is the cure in our hearts we need
Beauty is to be planted, like an earthly seed

To love one another, and to have peace
of mind

To smile upon people, and to try to be
kind

More understanding and less manhandling
People open your eyes and see

To feel it out and without a doubt
What a fantastic world this would be.

Right?

Right on!!!

HARRY

Editor:

In your February 20th issue of HARRY you had an article headlined "And now a word from your friendly neighborhood Black Panther" and written by Chaka Masai. This is only the second issue of HARRY that I have bought and will be my last. Because you print letters and articles from those "God Damn Dirty Niggers." Maybe Wallace will make it in 1972 and put an end to all their Shit.

Joseph Nagle



HARRY

Dear HARRY,

Until recently, I have felt that HARRY was an intelligent, unbiased, on-the-level paper. Issue number 8 contained an absurd, unnecessary letter in the House Call column.

Use of sensationalism is a lousy way to sell a paper - especially one for people who are tired of being put on. I wonder how many people were amazed by the sheer ignorance of the girl who wanted to know if she would get pregnant from oral conception? Please... don't let HARRY turn into a pretentious smut paper.

Peace to you,
Jude Wilder

Dear sirs,

Lee Sherman is a crazy bastard and I can prove it! He was certified crazy by the State of Maryland and his mother and father never got around to getting married!

signed,
Lee Sherman

P.S. He doesn't bullshit.



P.S. Thanks for all the boxtops

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HELP NEEDED - funds to send Tom Kaltenback, Baltimore's only expert on the Giant Panda Bear, to London to visit Chi-Chi, the only Giant Panda in this here parts. He needs \$250 by the middle of March, so send nickles, dimes, etc. to: Giant Panda Fund, 408 Carolina Rd., Towson, Md. 21204. For more information call VA5 - 1448.

IT AIN'T ME BABE - a newspaper of Women's Liberation. News, information, perspectives, alternatives. Available from: Women's Liberation Basement Press, P.O. box 6323, Albany Calif. 94706. Subscriptions, \$1.80 6 months, \$5 supporting sub. bulk orders 10cents for 10 or more. Back issues will be sent upon request for price of postage.

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FOR SALE - black velvet knee length cape. Great shape - \$25. Sandy, 2704 N. Calvert St.

WANTED - Job to do at home. call Linda Salmas at 732 - 1106.

FOR SALE or trade: small refrigerator violin, blender, automatic ironer, old bed, Hollywood bed frame, poker table, stamp collection, tape recorder, encyclopedia, new convertible top, dictaphone, addressograph, popcorn popper, talking poodle - stuffed animal, call 523 - 3703.

HELP - money needed for telephone lens. Have Edwardian coat (38), 2 pairs shoes (size 5) all for \$30. Call Chris at 669 - 4085.

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AWARE CHICK - 23, quit Baltimore School system, needs new job. Any suggestions? Also: mind expanding experience - must sell Great Book of the Western World, 54 volumes. Call Catherine, 669 - 5288.

These Children Don't Want No Education Nohow!

by THOMAS V. D'ANTONI

Mace, the suspensions of students, and the suspension of a teacher are all a part of this weeks wonderful world of oppression in Baltimore's high schools.

D'Alesandro thought he had calmed everything down when he granted amnesty to the Eastern Eight. Sheldon thought he had calmed things down when he said that all those who had left school could return without penalty, and when he and the Board of School Commissioners established the grievance committees in each school and the committee to investigate the Eastern, Forest Park, and Poly incidents. They haven't cooled things off. In fact they have given the students more reason to revolt.

The case of Eric Hallengren (an English teacher at Eastern) as told by Eric Hallengren: On Monday, March 2, Black Voice at Eastern High School submitted a list of demands to the administration at Eastern. These were:

- (1) the establishment of a Black Students Union with Black Voice to be recognized as the BSU at Eastern;
- (2) a Black Awareness Week—permission to use the school intercom to present programs during that week;
- (3) an assembly during Black Awareness week to be run by students and
- (4) a change in the grievance procedure.

They told Olga Balden, principal, according to Hallengren, "If the administration burns the teachers (the ones who are sympathetic to BV) we're going to burn you," because there were rumors spreading amongst the students that there would be reprisals taken against the sympathetic teachers. They were right.

One thing is very important to remember here—according to Hallengren—when BV first went to Balden's office, he was in the school office (adjacent to Balden's signing in for work). He left. He returned second period to "do a roll sheet". At that time and coincidentally the meeting in Balden's office broke up. At that point, one of the BV chicks, Phyllis Jefferson, called Hallengren out in the Hall and began rapping about the demands that had been presented; She said that Balden had agreed to have the assembly and that the other demands would take time. The conversation concluded.

A faculty meeting was called because the teachers were getting fucking scared of the students. It was recommended that Dr. Sheldon be called in to a full faculty meeting the next day.

At this preliminary meeting, according to Hallengren, some of the teachers "wanted the heads of the girls and called for their expulsion."

On Tuesday, the meeting began. Statements were thrown around as to the conduct and activities of Hallengren—nothing specific yet. Hallengren got pissed off at this and said, "I'm tired of innuendos and rumors, I want whatever facts there are to be brought out."

Gene Owens, an assistant principal, told him (again according to Hallengren) "you were in the office when the girls (BV) left and they talked to you." Harry Ercole got up and "told one lie after another." The charges leveled at Hallengren (according to him) were (1) he put Black Panther literature on his classroom bulletin board; (2) he put his feet up on the desk (3) he has a special key to the Building and; (4) Hallengren was not interested in teaching.



that he did not do any teaching and was only interested in causing trouble.

At this point, Hallengren spoke up and said, "Oh, stop your goddamned lies about me!" A heated exchange between Hallengren and Ercole followed. At the conclusion of the meeting Sheldon suspended Hallengren from his duties as a teacher for using "vile language." Fifteen minutes later, Hallengren was called to Balden's office, and he watched as Sheldon dictated a letter of suspension. While this was being typed, Hallengren said he heard chants coming over the intercom saying "We want Mr. Hallengren, We want Mr. Hallengren!" He said that they came from his homeroom or close to it.

Sheldon presented him with the letter of suspension which gave the reason for the suspension as "conduct unbecoming a teacher and the use of vile language."

He was not allowed to return to his room to pick up his belongings until the homeroom period was over and his first period class was diverted to the library. Only then was he allowed to clean out his shit. He was accompanied to this room by one of Sheldon's lieutenants a man named Patterson and two plainclothes cops.

Hallengren told me that they gave him "ten minutes to clean out." On the way up to the room Hallengren passed a girl who asked him what was happening. He told her, and one of the cops told him to "keep my mouth shut and stop trying to cause trouble." According to Hallengren on the way downstairs, he heard girls behind him crying.

After carrying a large box of belongings behind him, Hallengren stopped to rest. The cop said "Hallengren you've got thirty seconds to get off the grounds, if you are not off in thirty seconds you will be under arrest. Hallengren did not move. The cop said you've got twenty seconds. Just then a reporter from a local TV station walked up and said to the cop, "You must be kidding." The cop returned to the building and then shortly came out and did not arrest Hallengren.

The following day, Anita Stroud of Black

Voice returned to school for the first time since the February 12 eruption. She had with her a note from home—her ticket to re-entry to Eastern. She presented this note at the office and was told she could return to class. As she was walking out the office door, she said to a friend, "sometimes I don't know whether this is a school or a motherfucking institution."

This dude Patterson—the same one that escorted Hallengren to his room—called her over to the side and told her that she couldn't talk like that. He took her to the Principal's office and said that she should be suspended. Balden disagreed. He then DEMANDED that she be suspended. She was.

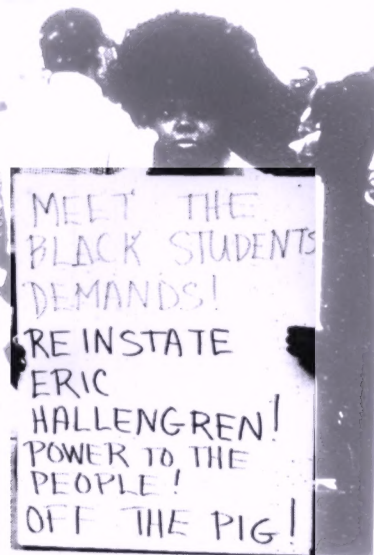
She was then told that she must leave the grounds or be busted. Her friends quickly formed a picket line and briefly marched in front of the school office. From there they went to the school cafeteria and began a sit-in. They rapped to the other girls and got about 150 to join them. Balden and her vice-principals walked in and asked that the demonstrators leave. She said that they would be permitted to leave the building or return to class.

Needless to say, most of them left.

There seems to be a difference of opinion regarding the status of suspended students at Eastern. According to one Eastern girl, she heard three different administrators give three different procedures. One, that suspended girls would not be allowed back until the next school year. Two, that suspended students would be allowed back when accompanied by a parent or guardian. As three, that suspended students would be allowed back when accompanied by a note from home.

This brings us to Thursday. Hallengren's case was to come before the Board of School Commissioners. He arrived at Twenty-fifth St. along with sixty or so demonstrators. After speaking to them and explaining his case to those who were not familiar with it—the demonstrators (who ranged from Baltimore Defense Committeemen to Eastern High Students) formed a picket line outside the building.

cont. on p. 4



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While the pickers were doing up some chants, some of the overflow of demonstrators were trying to get into the building. They were prevented from entering by six security officers.

Just then George Collings from WMAR-TV and Police Major Miller tried to push their way through the crowd. They were not very successful. The security guards seeing this lunged at the doors, pushing the demonstrators back. Once they got the doors open they opened up with a salvo of six cans of mace. One woman was maced badly and most of the demonstrators, the wind was blowing the residue of the mace back in the door. This caused the security guards, press (including me) and the rest inside that part of the building to receive a good dose. It was at this point that twenty-five uniformed cops arrived. They stood across the street for fifteen minutes and then left. There was no further street action.

Inside the Board was arguing whether Hallengren should have a hearing then or later, whether the present meeting should be moved to larger quarters and whether or not there were enough demonstrators outside to warrant a move. They decided to hold Hallengren's hearing next Thursday, March 12, at eight o'clock at a suitably large facility.

One of the School Commissioners, Larry Gibson, proposed the Hallengren's suspension be tempered by allowing him to correct pay for the time he is under suspension. After some grumbled from Commissioner Sweeney, this was passed.

So the Hallengren situation stands thus—his case is up his case is up in the air until next week. It seems to me if they really want to get ride of him as he says they do, he doesn't have a chance, for if they want you out, you'll be out. I hope Dennis Crosby of the Teachers' Union can convince me I'm wrong.

The Anita Stroud situation is also unresolved—the next move is up to the administration when he returns to Eastern, if she is allowed back.

As for the eyes of those maced, mine still burn.

Just to make sure you've straight (who's straight?) on what happened in the two weeks prior to the Hallengren scene: the school Board appointed a committee to investigate the occurrences in the School February 12 on. This Committee is made of Theodore Robinson, a member of the airport board; Mrs. Srah Bundy, President of the Cherry Hill Coordinating Council; Hans Forelicher, Chairman of the Mayor's Task Force on Education; Elmont Drayton, member of the Baltimore City Hospital Board; Mrs. Freda Gasper, President of the League of Women Voters; John Lago, Chairman of the Legislative Committee of the Maryland American Legion; and Dr. Percy Williams, Assistant Superintendent of Schools for the State of Maryland. They have thirty days in which to submit a report.

At the City Council Session on February 23, Reuben (Ruby) Caplan, Arch-reactionary and all-around grouch of the Council, took the floor and denounced the "Children" for wanting a grievance committee; He said that they should just go to school and learn how to read and write. He praised the Baltimore City Public School system for turning out so many doctors, lawyers, and other professional men.

In talking about the attitudes of "the children" today he said DIG IT—"These children today don't want no education". Oh, do your thing Ruby!

I want to clear up two things from the article on the schools in Harry number 8. First, no girl lost a baby as a result of police action, no girl lost a baby at all. Second, the TAC squad was not used

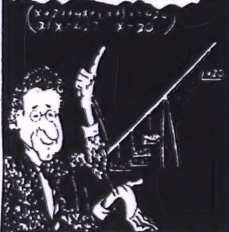
I WENT INTO TEACHING AS A SUBVERSIVE ACTIVITY.



I HOPED TO ENLIGHTEN YOUNG MINDS NOT YET CRYSTALLIZED IN BOURGEOIS CONCEPTS. MY PLAN WAS INGENUOUS - A SUBTLE USE OF MARXIAN CONCEPTS APPLIED TO MATHEMATICS!



NOW TO CORRECT THIS WE WORK OUT THE FORMULA HERE, AND ARRIVE AT TRUE EQUAL DISTRIBUTION IN THIS SOLVED DIAGRAM.



FOR EXAMPLE, THE INEQUITIES OF A CAPITALIST SYSTEM IN THE BALANCE WE SET IN THIS DIAGRAM. IT ILLUSTRATES THAT WORKERS ON ONE SIDE RECEIVE A RATIO ONLY EQUAL TO THEIR NUMBER VALUE, WHILE THE ONE INDUSTRIALIST RECEIVES OVER 400 TIMES HIS NUMBER VALUE.



I SAW IN MY SYSTEM THE POTENTIAL OF INDOCTRINATING AN ENTIRE GENERATION TO DIALECTICAL VALUES!



IN MY FIRST GLASS THE KIDS SAW THRU THE GUISE.



THEY WEREN'T ANGRY. JUST WHAT I WAS SAYING WAS ANTIQUE TO THEM. THEY FELT MY METAPHORS AVOIDED AN HONEST CONFRONTATION. MY SOLUTIONS BY FORMULA FLATLY UNREALISTIC MY MATERIALISTIC THEORIES. UNCOGNIZANT OF REVOLUTION AS A LIFE STYLE.



THEY INFORMED ME THAT THE REAL NEED IN EDUCATION IS FOR AUTHENTICITY, NOT MY IDEALISTIC TEACHINGS OF THE OLD LEFT.



I CONSIDER SUBVERSIVE TEACHING IN HIGH SCHOOLS AN OUTMODED ACTIVITY.



THE KIDS ARE ALREADY HARD CORE.



Military News



by Ed Guevara

OM

In yet another case against war policy, the navy has seaman Roger Priest on court martial in D.C. Two charges alleging "solicitation to commit desertion and desertion through statements in OM," the anti-war paper Priest edits, were dismissed only to be reinstated by Rear Admiral George P. Koch, commandant of the Washington naval district. Hopefully, the court will rule now and settle this matter of "command influence" which Priest's defense is protesting.

If convicted, Priest faces a dishonorable discharge and up to 39 years. Yet he states, "theirs will be a hollow victory. It will be WE - not THEY - who will have the last word. Pray for the aged. Do not let the navy court martial the first amendment."

Roger's paper, OM, was first printed April 1, 1960. By the third issue he had reached a circulation of 1,000. The June charges came after a get-Priest letter from Congressman L. Mendel Rivers to Admiral Means Johnston. Rivers has stated that servicemen publishing anti-war papers "ought to be in jail." On July 22 and 23, Naval Intelligence officers revealed that they had assigned at least 25 agents to follow Priest and that the D.C. sanitation dept. had provided a special truck to pick up Priest's trash for inspection.

If Priest goes to trial, the defense plans to call as witnesses many of the men that Roger has quoted in his paper, like Gen. Shoup.

Subversive Data Zonked

New Jersey Congressman Gallagher's office has informed HARRY that the army has yet to detail their alleged destruction of data kept on "subversives." Various stories have placed these records in a large metal warehouse at Fort Holabird. An aide to Gallagher said that they might be here, or at Ft. Monroe, Va., or Naval Intelligence or the Pentagon in D.C. Congressman Gallagher has been fighting this kind of data collection snooping since 1966 when a nation-wide data bank was first proposed. He feels the threat to privacy is great.

Since the riots of 1968, the army has been looking after the draft and other peace movements. It's hard to know how thorough they are or who they are surveying. It would seem that with the Holabird spy school in our midst, the Baltimore movement has long been infiltrated. Isn't paranoia fun? At any rate, the Gallagher aide told HARRY that at least so far they'd "exposed" the army and now they are retreating. The army's agreed to consult with congress on any new data banks they construct, and it's agreed to destroy some records. If you know bureaucrats," he said, "that's going to hurt."

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FREE SCHOOL FESTIVAL

The Learning Action Center is holding a Free School Festival on Saturday, March 14, from 9am to 9pm at the Stony Run Friends' Meetinghouse, 5116 North Charles Street. There will be films, discussions (on education, Women's Liberation, high school organizing, communal living), bread baking, community meals, (at 12 and 6 - bring food to share), art, poetry, handicraft demonstrations, folk-dancing, and recorder and guitar playing. Everyone is welcome!

Conspiracy 7 Free on Bail

CHICAGO[LNS] — Seven of the Conspiracy 8 have been released from jail pending appeals of their conviction on contempt and riot charges. A five judge panel in Chicago unanimously decided to grant bail, countering Judge Julius Hoffman's original denial of bail, as well as his contention that Dave Dellinger, Rennie Davis, Tom Hayden, Abbie Hoffman, and Jerry Rubin are "dangerous men" who should not be at large.

Nevertheless, U.S. Commissioner Balog, who released the men from prison, cautioned them not to make "seditious speeches."

The bail was set at \$155,000.

The release followed two weeks of intense, widespread, and often dramatic expressions of support for the Conspiracy. A branch of the Bank of America was burned to the ground in Santa Barbara, Calif. A police station in San Francisco was blown up and one policeman died. Hundreds were arrested and later released following a confrontation with Washington, D.C. policemen outside Attorney General Mitchell's apartment building. Fifteen thousand people massed in Boston. Tear gas grenades were lobbed at demonstrators at the Federal Building in Seattle. Thousands marched on New York City federal courts and pelted cops with rocks, bottles and chunks of ice. Berkeley saw some of the heaviest street fighting in recent years.

The seven men (including Lee Weiner and John Froines who were jailed for contempt only) went to jail two weeks ago like thousands of political prisoners before them. They went defiantly, but still a little subdued. Years of painful incarceration lay ahead. Militant, angry, protests exploded across the country, but in Chicago, as Judge Hoffman sentenced the five men, there was still a sadness in-

side the rage. Five years in prison is a long time.

But after two weeks of Cook County Jail's tiny cells, narrow cots, and coffee tasting like bland soup, the men are "free at last."

A sober panel of Federal judges, Julius Hoffman's cohorts, has freed them — all but Bobby Seale, being black and also framed up on other charges ("murder"

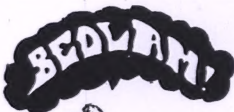
in New Haven, Conn.). Does this mean that there are good, decent liberal men in positions of power in America? Or was liberal America rocked to its foundations by the bank burnings, bombings, and angry street fighting that came The Day After?

Tom Hayden spoke to a crowd of thousands outside Los Angeles shortly after he was freed on bond. "It's good

to see the human force that got us out of Cook County Jail," he said. The fact that we got out is not proof that the court system is reliable. It's proof that we stand for the most incendiary ideas in history."



Crowds in Santa Barbara milling around burning patrol car.



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IN HISTORIC DICKYVILLE

An Interview With JAMES BALDWIN

WE'RE ALL VIET CONG

The following interview was conducted soon after Baldwin's recent visit with Huey Newton, imprisoned minister of defense of the Black Panther Party. The interview's somber tone reflects the length of the shadows being cast by this country's moral poverty. Baldwin joins now those who not only live and recognize "the problems," but see in them the strengths needed for solutions.

by Karen Wald (LNS)

You were just down at the California Men's Colony in San Luis Obispo visiting Huey Newton. Can you tell us what this trip was about?

Huey is one of the most important people to have been produced by the American chaos. His fate is very important. And not one person in white America, if they read the mass media, knows anything about Huey, what produced him or what produced the Black Panther Party.

Black people have always played, in this country, a tormented role in the white man's imagination. They prefer to believe him to be King Kong, or whatever it is white Americans take black people to be. It's inconceivable to them, because it says too much about the republic, I think, that the Black Panther Party was originally called the Black Panther Party for Self Defense. And that it was produced as a reaction to, and I'm a witness to this because I was born in the ghetto, to the tremendous irresponsibility of the police force. It didn't come out of nothing, it didn't come about because Huey and his cohorts are some kind of weird anti-social monsters. It came out of the very real necessity to invest black community with a certain kind of morale, which cannot be found in any American institution.

Have you seen changes in Huey since you first met him?

In much the same way that the events of the last two years: caused everybody to rethink the situation, Huey has gone through some changes himself. I think that oppressors always make the same mistake. They think that they're going to break you by the degree and the nature of your punishment. But they always miscalculate, because you may be able to break ten people, but there's always one person or two people or three people on whom it doesn't work, who use it to find out something and to become, in a sense, more dangerous than they were before. More dangerous than if you'd left them alone—more dangerous, that is, to the status quo. I think Huey is changing that way.

Would you be willing to comment about some of the changes you, yourself, have been going through in the last two years?

I think that no one any longer can be fooled about the intentions of the American government because they've made it perfectly clear. And that may be the most healthy thing that has happened in this time. Nobody, after all, can say anything for the present administration. It represents the American illusion that it's a white country, that it's a white world and that they can make it a white universe—the moon is our first colony.

Edridge Cleaver said that there were basic differences concerning the attitude you had toward dealing with the violence of the white oppressor; do you see any changes in the way you feel about this?

My enormous concern has been, and still is, that I don't want to see a generation go out into the streets and die. On the other hand, I was also forced to realize that it wasn't up to me. Nobody can answer for a generation except that generation itself. We don't have the helicopters, we don't have the tanks, the weight against us is tremendous—which demands of the people in the situation that they find a way to respond.

Some very respectable people in this country, respectable in the ordinary sense, are aware of what is happening. This has made very peculiar bedfellows—the position of Justice Douglas is not that different after all from the position of Huey Newton. Some of the people are beginning to see what has happened to the civilization, what has happened here, as a result of the fantastic greed of the corporate system.

One of the reasons for the Nixon-Agnew business about the silent majority and the whole claim that people who are against the war are really murdering American boys, is in the hope that somehow they can unite the whole country around a series of really bloody contradictions. Which is not possible.

They can't put thirty million black people in jail in secret, and in any case there are many more than thirty million—black people aren't the only dissenters here. What this country does not really understand is something very simple. That Huey is right when he says that as long as there are black people, there will be Black Panthers. Malcolm was right when he was asked about the numerical strength of the Black Muslims—anyone who knows won't tell you and anyone who claims to be a fool. The truth is, any black person in this country at the time when the Muslim movement was at its height, was a Black Muslim. Any black person in this country at this hour is in some way a Black Panther.

And even if he weren't, the fact is that the cop isn't going to ask me my name and address before he shoots me, and the only difference between me and any other black cat in this country is that if they shoot me my name would be in the papers. We all

know many people have died, none of us knows how many, but I know that for every one of me there would be twenty people dead, here in my own generation. But they don't understand about the Viet Cong. My brother puts it this way—we are the first Viet Cong.

Shooting people in their apartments in the middle of the night creates exactly what they would like not to happen, this does something to people who ostensibly don't care, wouldn't care—something begins happening to the American consciousness—it's not only black people that are menaced, it's everybody else. So they create a resistance that wasn't there before.

What about the Panther 21 cases in New York or the supposed murder in New Haven, what are your feelings about those cases?

I see all those cases as harassment, as intimidation. Even if I were a very different person than the person that I am, there is no way for me to believe what the police or what the government says. Unless I am really in a position to check it out myself. I've seen too much, I don't care what the white press says about the exaggerations of police brutality, I've lived with it all my life. I know, whether the *New York Times* wants to believe it or not. I was there and the *New York Times* was not.

Do you have any doubts that the New York and New Haven cases are frame-ups? Until it is proven beyond a shadow of a doubt, preferably in the halls of the U.N., that it is not a frame-up, I will believe that it is a frame-up, because I am part of a people who have been historically framed-up.

What would you say about the conspiracy trial?

I think that is simply too obscene to be discussed.

Why do you think they included Bobby Seale, who had absolutely nothing to do with the demonstrations, in the conspiracy?

Quite apart from all the illegality involved, Bobby is a bad nigger. Same reason Mohammed Ali, formerly Cassius Clay, was stripped of his title. Same reason Malcolm's dead. One of the historical facts about this nation is that you always take a bad nigger and hang him publicly, as an example to all others who would be bad niggers.

Have you, outside of the young black and white militants you've talked to, encountered a strong reaction to the murder of Fred Hampton and Mark Clark in Chicago?

I don't know how to answer that, you put it the wrong way—Hampton and Clark are only the latest examples. The show has become monotonous.

Wasn't that so much more obvious?

It's amazing to me how difficult it is for people to see when they don't want to see. Black people see, but how many parents of white children see it, that's another question. The difference between my experience and that of white America, even the very best of white America, is that they have difficulty believing that the country can act this way. And that is not my problem at all, I've always known it could, it always has in my experience and I'm no longer young.

Why is it that groups like SCLC, the NAACP, and the Urban League, are just beginning to come out in support of the Panthers?

The whole black situation in this country from the start has been very complicated. The battle between W.E.B. DuBois and Booker T. Washington was almost the battle in microcosm. There's always been something very closely resembling a hoax, the very heart of the American dream. And it applied to black people in great force, because for a while it was very useful to what is called the power structure to have certain niggers in the window. To prove to Americans that they were really what they said they were, and to prove to black people that they were what they said they were. And the nature of the bargain was that the nigger in the window could wrest some concessions from the status quo, in return for the tranquility of the natives.

But the table on which these people operate has vanished. Once Martin Luther King was shot, though some people think it was so long before that, it was perfectly clear that there was no way to be a good nigger. And that's not even pejorative because Uncle Tom played a very important role historically. But the role that he played is no longer possible to play. The defenders of the status quo have in effect given as much as they can give. And now even the most respectable black cat is very much, whether or not he likes it or whether or not he wants to admit it, no matter what his age—he is also part of the target, no matter how famous or how rich he is.

We are all the Viet Cong, none of us can really be trusted from the point of view of the defenders of the American power. Not even the most agile Uncle Tom can hope to have any meaningful discussion or dialogue with Attorney General John Mitchell.

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ARE MEN REALLY THE ENEMY?

BY JAYNE WEST / NO MORE FUN AND GAMES

AN EXAMINATION

reprinted from post-revolutionary RAT

Please use a No. 2 lead ~~pencil~~ pencil when taking this test. Look only at your own paper except in an emergency. No talking, gum chewing, swearing, or primping during the test. In case of fire or nuclear attack, the above rules will be suspended. You are now ready to begin. Don't. We'll tell you when to start. You may begin in exactly a few minutes.

Multiple Choice

- Most rapes are committed by
 - women
 - children
 - men (perverts)
 - I am unable to distinguish rape from ordinary sexual relations.
- When I am yelled at on the street I am
 - flattered
 - annoyed
 - astonished
 - sure I have been recognized
- When I am yelled at on the street I respond by
 - lowering my head and walking quicker
 - smiling sweetly and nodding
 - addressing myself to the specific content of the yell and replying appropriately
 - pretending that it was not I who was yelled at and that I am not in that place and that he is not real and I am not real and thus simply extracting myself from the situation.
- Which of these things do you prefer to be called?
 - lady
 - woman
 - female
 - girl
 - none of the above

- The reason I keep my legs together when sitting is
 - some of my underwear has holes in it
 - my legs get cold if I don't
 - my mother always told me to and it's a hard to break habit
 - I like to keep my privates private.
- When I was a little girl I wanted to be a
 - nurse
 - cowgirl
 - teacher
 - secretary
 - boy
- If I had a baby girl, I would be
 - disappointed
 - I wouldn't care as long as it was healthy
 - burdened
 - quite annoyed with the Pill
- When I play games or sports with a man
 - I let him win
 - He always beats me
 - I try to be athletic and healthy so he will play with me again
 - I just play the best I can and don't worry about the outcome
- Which of the following things can a man do better than a woman?
 - cook
 - sew
 - masturbate
 - all of the above
- If I could do away with anything I wanted, the first thing I would do away with is
 - the family
 - the state

- private property
- menstrual periods
- all the above

DRAW A MAN

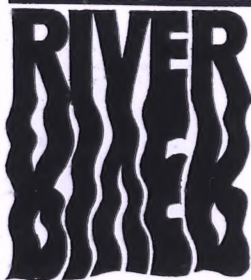
Fill the Blank.

- _____ is never _____
- Make a list of famous women who are not known by Mrs. _____
- My most embarrassing moment was when _____
- My least embarrassing moment was when _____
- In the Orthodox Jewish worship it is said by men: "Thank God that I was not born a _____"

Essay

- Discuss the variations in tone possible when asking a male druggist this question: "Do you have Tampex Super?"
- Discuss the population distribution along sexual lines were parents able to determine the sex of their offspring.
- Discuss your motive for taking this test.
- Discuss how a woman can have her cake and eat it too.
- Discuss anything you want.
- Erase all marks from this paper (except your responses) and pass the paper up to the person to your left. If there is no one on your left, walk to the center aisle and place your paper on the floor and sit upon it. Anyone doing anything that strange is certain to be noticed and helped.

GOOD LUCK! YOU HAVE BEEN A GOOD TESTER AND THAT IS NOT NOTHING



from the San Francisco Good Times
sandy darlington

The last time the United States fought a war that was really and obviously bad, where everybody knew it was rotten, and those few who opposed it did so clearly, and those who served did so unwillingly, and those who said they approved of it did so guiltily ... the last time that happened was the Mexican War of 1848.

What did that mean in America, when the older generation that was in power made the younger generation go fight a war they all knew was wrong? Was there a revolution? No, not at the time.

But who was young then? Young and sensitive and out of power? Abe Lincoln. And Thoreau lived then, and wrote his *Essay on Civil Disobedience*, that one that later gave Gandhi his idea. And all the abolitionists were young then.

Thirteen to seventeen years later, they got their way. They took the United States apart in the Civil War.

How long will it take us this time? The robots have power now. But they can't kill all of us without killing themselves too, and they don't want to die because they'd have to leave their appliances behind. So no matter what they do to us now, some of us, many of us, will remain and grow, in all ways. And no matter what happens between now and ten-fifteen years from now, we will come to power.

And when we do, we will take this country apart. Stitch by stitch. With one difference. History, as Benjamin Franklin said, always happens twice. First as tragedy, the second time as farce.

The tragedy was the Civil War. Everybody knows that was tragic. Everybody cried at the end.

But next time it will be farce. That means nobody will cry. Everybody will laugh. That's what farce does to you. And of course it will be for real, not invented like most farces. That probably means that the world will come to an end. That's right, folks, we will take power, and we will turn to the rest of you and say, Here, try this, we used to call it a Trip in the Haight Ashbury. You will lean for it eagerly, this powerful cigarette. We will light it, and Blam: it will blow us all up. Haw haw. An exploding trip. Get it: That will be a farce to end all farces. The world will end with a guffaw, not a whimper.

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Here's a List of Intentional Communities in Case You're Splitting

The following list of "intentional communities" was compiled by Herb Goldstein of Heathcote from replies to questionnaires sent out to about 250 communities in November 1969. Many communities said that they did not want to be listed, many others didn't reply. Some replies arrived too late to be included in this list, and will be printed in an additional list to be provided later.

Additional copies of the list (with slightly more extensive descriptions) are available from Heathcote Center, Rt. 1, Box 129, Freeland, Md., for 50 cents (if you have it).

Important: WRITE OR CALL BEFORE VISITING ANY OF THESE PLACES.

Adventure Trails Survival School, Laughing Coyote Mt., Black Hawk, Col. 80422. First visitors: Sunday noon 'til 3. Mountain 8000 ft. base. Permanent village is being built. The common work is teaching. Research and Development Laboratories, Survival School, Guidance service, technological Zen retreat, printing. Relaxed. Solitude. Simplicity.

Alternatives! Found., P.O. 1264, Berkeley, Cal. 94709, (707) 823-6168. Visitors: call first. Total sexuality, peak experience training center. Dedicated to the cybermated-tribal society. Ideals: Self-chosen and self created environment, get back to essentials, social change by example. Publishes *Alternatives!* and others.

Ant Farm, 2413 8th St., Berkeley, Cal. 94710. Not a commune now although appears headed that way. Call us resource people, we do environments. Hoping to spread the cultural revolution. We explore new life styles by living them.

Aquarian Research Found., 5620 Morton St., Philadelphia, Pa. 19144, V19-1259. Visitors call or write. All welcome but do not come with drugs. The commune needs serious people and other assistance to find ways to break down society's resistance to change so new age can come quickly, joyfully, without war. No age limit.

Cathedral of the Spirit (Leyden Community), Leyden Road, Greenfield, Mass. 01301. We love people any size, shape or number! 35 permanent members. Together 1 yr. 9 mos. Focal is mind expansion through spiritual values. Spiritual counselors available to organizations or anyone interested.

Fort Hill Community, 27 Fort Ave., Roxbury, Mass. 02119. Fort Hill is not here for casual visitors and curious onlookers. People who come here must be prepared to lose everything they hang on to for themselves and to become totally committed to something they don't even understand. We destroy and rebuild each other every day. (album on Reprise)

Greenfeet, P.O. Box 347, Barre, Vt. 05641. Some people are invited to visit only after corresponding. 8 people, 75 acres, and a vision. We are a group of people who want to live together lovingly. We believe in creating deep relationships, sensuousness and sexuality, good psychiatry, and bringing up kids so they can be spontaneous creative joyful sexual animals and healthy.

Green Valley, Orange City, Fla. 32763, (904) 775-2752. Visitors check in advance. Non-sectarian intentional community operating a residential free school (oldest free school in the U.S.) for children in trouble. We specialize in screwed-up teens, rescuing them from jail, mental hospitals, and hippie bum speed scenes. Behavior therapy, social engineering, and social reconstruction from an anarchic reactionary point of view - believers in the majesty of the state will be most unhappy here.

Gould Farm, Great Barrington, Mass. 01230. Rehabilitative center for emotionally troubled persons with a family-type community basis. Self-sustaining community. 550 acres, up to 190 people. Visitors check in advance.

Harrad West, Box 1264, Berkeley, Ca. 94701. Visitors write for details. A group marriage community functioning as an urban intentional family. Welcome inquiries from people interested in group marriage.

Heathcote Center, School of Living, Rt. 1, Box 129, Freeland, Md. 21053, (301) 357-5723. Visitors, please call or write in advance. 16 people on 37½ acres. Seminars are held during the warmer months of the year. We publish a monthly newspaper, *The Green Revolution*, by and for communities emphasizing decentralization and rural revival. (Subscriptions are \$4/yr.) Visitors are invited to come up during the spring and summer



OTHER SCENES

and help us plant a 6 acre organic garden, build, swim in the stream or play volleyball in the meadow.

May Valley Co-op, 10218 147th St., S.E., Renton, Wash. 98055. 27 acres of community woods, creek, playground and orchard surround 1/3 acre homestead sites. Now 10 families, interracial, community school and garden. Some homestead sites still available.

The Meeting, 2707 8th St., Minneapolis, Minn. 55406. Visitors advise 1 wk. in advance and be prepared to work 8 hrs. 1 day in exchange for room and board. We work at an experimental school. We value excellence, learning, freedom of conscience, and integrated living.

Morning Star Ranch, P.O. Box 121, Occidental, Calif. 95465. Exclusive ownership of land is original sin, and man commits original sin when he slices up his Mother Earth's "sweet flowing breasts" in order to buy and sell the pieces.

New Vrindaban International Society for Krishna Consciousness, Rd. 3, Mountville, W. Va. 26041. Visitors welcome any time, any number - but best to come on Sunday for our weekly Love Feasts at which we distribute food to the public. We are an ashram, observing a monastic way of life in order to further our Yoga process, through vibration of the Maha Mantra. We are completely open to anyone who wants to join our community if they are sincere and willing to obey the four basic rules: No meat eating, no gambling, no intoxication, No sex outside of marriage. 20 people subsisting mainly on what we grow and mild products of 4 cows. 133 acres, eventually building an entire village.

The Order of Saint Michael, 6914 W. 117th St., Crown Point, Ind. 46307. Visitors should call or write first. Membership opened to Episcopalians and Roman Catholics who have a total commitment to Jesus Christ as Lord and Holy Obedience to the rule and decisions of the community, living under life vows, employed and active in the world, and rooted in the Catholic tradition of praise and adoration.

Reba Place Fellowship, 727 Reba Place, Evanston, Ill. 60202. Visitors and prospective members welcomed. 35 adult members, 100 participants. Each family has own apartment. Buildings and cars owned jointly. All economic resources pooled and redistributed equitably. Committed to non-violence, the group is actively involved in local politics and protest. Common commitment to follow leadership of Jesus of Nazareth.

Resurrection City, USA, Rt. 1, Box 125A, Browns, Ala. 36724. Let us know of your plans to visit. 10 acres, 4-7 people. A revolutionary community, organic farming, non-traditional sex roles, does not exclude anyone, children belong to community, goal - to destroy the old corrupt society and build a New Humane, Beautiful Society. Free bread and free clothes to all who want them.

G.R. Roberts, Todd's Vally, Rd.1, Nelson, New Zealand. 300 acres. Co-ordinating people of any age who think that the path of progress lies in acknowledging our place in nature and working reasonably in this framework.

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534-2548 eves.

Rochdale, 361 Elm St., New Haven, Conn. 06520. Visitors write; a few on short notice, more if forewarned. A cooperative managed and owned by its members, now about 29, and including 3 small children. We eat dinner together and share the labor in food preparation and maintenance. General house expenses are shared but people pay for food individually at the end of the month.

Society of Brothers, Westside Road, Norfolk, Conn. 06058, also Rifton, New Jersey

Visits can be arranged at all three communities. Started in Germany in 1920, moved to England in 1936 and to America in 1946. We live together as families sharing all things in common. No one receives wages or owns property. Our aim and call is to build up a brotherly life together where all problems and experiences of our life are resolved and undertaken through love to one another. We keep an open door for others to come and share with us in this venture as they feel moved. Manufactures play equipment for children.

Society of Families, R.D. 2, Anderson Rd., Frewsburg, N.Y. 14738. visitors on weekend only, limit to 6 at one time. We are a morally specific kind of evolutionary humanism, based on homesteading (325 acres), population control, and eugenics. We think the time is now for man to control his own evolution. Some homesteads are still available.

Tolstoy Farm, Davenport, Wash. 99122. Write for directions. Six years old. Land held in common; twelve homesteads cooperating on voluntary basis. Cooperative school and crafts marketing. Government by discussion and consensus. Residents provide for themselves economically. Home of Sunrise Hill Free School.

Trans-Love Energies (White Panther Tribe), 1520 Hill St. Ann Arbor, Mich. 48104. Too cramped for overnight visitors, all welcomed during the day. The White Panther Tribe is made up of about 25 artists, musicians, writers, poets, filmmakers, etc. Our work is largely media-based and is primarily directed at political/social/cultural/ecological revolutionary change within America. (Founder John Sinclair - serving 10 years in prison for 2 joints.)

Twain Oaks, Rt. 4, Box 169, Louisa, Va. 23093. Visitors make prior arrangements. Based on *Walden Two* by B.F. Skinner. Structured, behavior psychology. 123 acre farm; manufactures hammocks, filmwinders; farming. Needs new members.

United Coop. Industries, Rt. 1, Box 2150, San Marcos, Calif. 92069. No community at this time but on the way to building a cooperative village. Resources include a manufacturing enterprise, portable cabins, resource people, etc. Free newsletter.

Yellow Submarine (Rivendell, Inc.) 2449 Floral Hill Dr. Eugene, Ore. 97403. Visitors must be willing to share the tasks and costs as well as the benefits of living together. We live in the city, incorporated and are alternately together.

Vocations for Social Change, Canyon, Calif. 94516. Visitors only Fri., Sat., Sun. Discourages overnight visits. The people at VSC put out a monthly publication listing social change groups who need people and other assistance. Runs entirely on donations. Eleven of us live and work together here. Most of our "things" are held communally, however, each of us has a few things that we consider "personal property," like musical instruments, for instance. All important decisions are made by a consensus of the group as a whole in periodic staff meetings.



Don't Throw Away Your Weed

by THOMAS D'ANTONI

And you thought all that time you were tripping and toking and dealing that nobody was watching you. Wrong. The Maryland General Assembly — especially the House of Delegates saw it all. You goddamned hippie.

Delegates from Baltimore City, Baltimore County and Prince Georges County have all introduced bills which would (in the words of one Delegate) "tighten up the narcotics laws in the state. And you thought no one was watching.

Are you ready for this? First the bills relating directly to dealers. House Bill 128 submitted by Delegate Richard Rynd from Baltimore County (free Kim Agnew) adds this little sentence to the existing law, "Any person convicted more than once of this offense (the sale, barter, peddling, exchange, dispensing or supplying of a narcotic drug to a minor) shall be subject to imprisonment of not less than ten years without parole or probation and may be subject to a life sentence." Right enough?

But wait — Delegate Elmer Elmo Walter of Baltimore City (First Dist.) and Andrew J. Burns of Baltimore City (Third Dist. which includes Johns Hopkins University and HARRY) submitted House Bill 114 which makes the penalties for a second offense a fine of "not more than \$2,000" and imprisonment for "not less than ten nor more than twenty-five years." They add that a third offender shall be imprisoned for not less than fifteen nor more than thirty years. It's hard to choose which one. Both impose ten year sentences. One that provides for no parole and that may subject the dealer to a life sentence. Or one with a heavy fine and an additional provision for third offenders.

If the House acts on House Bill 256 (see below) is any indication, when these bills come to the floor, the penalties will be raised. Thirty thousand dollars? Thirty years? The rack? The stake?

Another, harsher bill regarding dealers and acid was submitted by Rynd in late January. The bill (H.B. 101) calls for "any person convicted more than once for selling opium or its derivatives and synthetics or LSD shall be subject to imprisonment for not less than ten years without parole or probation and may be punished by a life sentence." This is not for selling to a minor, but for selling — period. This is tightening the law. With a noose.

Rynd also submitted House Bill 127 which if enacted will place acid in the category of narcotic drug. If it passes "LSD" which means the drug or compound as d-Lysergic acid diethylamide or 7-methyl-indolo (4,3-fg) Quinoline - 9 - Carboxylic acid, and another similar or comparable drug or compound" will be classified as a "narcotic drug." According to the existing law, a "narcotic drug" shall be taken to include any drug or substance found by the State Board of Health, after reasonable notice... to have... habit forming qualities and effect of habituation." How many people have you met who has to rip off somebody's wallet because of their sunshine "habit?" Pure Bullshit.

Delegate Wally Orlinsky (Baltimore City — part of the Bolton Hill mob) has submitted a syrup bill (H.B. 103) which would make it illegal "for any person to sell, dispense, or give away any prepara-

tion containing opium, except upon a valid prescription of a physician, dentist, or veterinarian," with exceptions in certain circumstances. Further, the bill would make it "unlawful for any person to possess or have under his control, except in the regular course of business, occupation, profession, employment, or duty of the person, any preparation containing opium, unless the person obtained the drug on prescription of a physician, dentist or veterinarian. If the bill passes (watch this space for results sports fans) be forewarned.

The most important drug bill introduced at this session has already passed the House. It was submitted by Edward Bagley of Prince Georges County, Leonard Jacobson of Baltimore County, and — you guessed it — Richard Rynd.

The bill (H.B. 256) is a cruel dodge. On one hand it lowers the penalties for possession of grass from a felony to a misdemeanor. This is how the headlines will sound. The facts of the bill and the results of the bill will be something else again.

The new penalties include for first offenders a fine of "not more than two hundred fifty dollars or imprisonment for no more than six months or both." In committee the prison term was added. There was no imprisonment in the original bill.

For second offenders a fine of "not more than five hundred dollars or im-

prisonment for not more than one year or both. The prison sentence was increased from thirty days to one year and the words "or both" were added.

For third offenders a fine of "not more than one thousand dollars or imprisonment for not more than two years or both." Again the words "or both" were added in committee.

Here is something about the bill that has not been explained to me. In the first section regarding first offenders, the bill talks about "possession or use of cannabis sativa." In the later two sections dealing with second and third offenses "possession or use" has been stricken and in its place "possession, use, or sale of narcotic drugs or marijuana" has been added.

Does this mean that after you're busted for possession, if you are busted again for dealing, is it counted as a second offense? Anyway, why should selling be a part of this section when it is covered in the following section? Could it be that the bill, which is supposed to placate the liberals, is in reality, a further extension of a corrupt insane system?

Let's get to the farthest out section of the bill — the one concerning dealing among other things.

The original bill was bad enough. Selling was still to be considered a felony and first offenders were to have been imprisoned for one year. This was amended to two years or \$1,000 or both and then further amended to five years, \$1,000 or both.

In the original bill the penalty for second offenders was five years in the slams. They doubled it — ten years PLUS "or \$2,000 or both." That however is not the beauty of this section. They added the words "dispensing, giving away, or otherwise disposing" of grass in addition to selling it.

Now dig it — this means that although possession will be a misdemeanor if the bill passes — if you give away, dispose of or dispense a joint or a bag, or any quantity of grass it is a felony.

So, say, the narc approaches you and

you (foolishly but happily) are holding a joint in your dope-infested paw. Now if you hold on to it — this will be a misdemeanor. If you give it to anyone, or throw it on the ground or flush it or in any way get rid of it — right — felony.

Keep it — misdemeanor or Stash it — felony. One State Senator suggested eating it.

Although this part of the bill seems ridiculous — here's what might happen. The small honest dealer could very well be scared away from dealing if the bill passes. This will leave the market open for you know who. Your friendly neighborhood mobster who will put any bad shit he wants to into the grass, who will charge what we want for it because he is not about to get busted. He controls the fucking market.

There it is fellow freaks. Well, what can you do about it citizen? What do they always tell you?

Write your elected representative!!

Don't bother. It won't do a goddamned bit of good.

Leary Sentenced



Dr. Timothy Leary was sentenced on March 2 to ten years in Federal prison for smuggling marijuana into the U.S. from Mexico. The trial took place in Houston, Tex.

He still faces sentencing on a charge of possession in California.

Leary, 50 years old, has been arrested at least 14 times in the last five years on drug charges, with 2 convictions.

Appeals are planned in both cases.

Dr. Leary was denied appeal bond in the California case by Judge Byron MacMillan, who said that Tim was a "menace to the community" because he advocated the use of harmful drugs by youngsters.

Leary replied that he'd never advocated the use of drugs without telling people to be fully prepared and have a trusted yoga and spiritual guide.

Informers' Fate

According to a report in the New York Times, the number of informants in Federal narcotics cases who have been murdered has reached "substantial" proportions in recent years.

This is due in part to increasing requirements by courts that the identity of informers be disclosed.

The informant is usually someone who has been arrested but is "working off" a case instead of going to trial. Thus it is often possible to figure out the informant's name even if it is not publicly disclosed.



CAUTION: MARIJUANA MAY BE HAZARDOUS TO YOUR HEALTH...

ROBERT SMITH IS A PUBLIC ENEMY

from LEE SHERMAN

Robert Smith was born a criminal. His crime was that he was completely illiterate. And he further compounded the felony by being unable to verbally articulate his thoughts. But he hadn't always been a menace, and he hadn't always been in Crownsville.

Once, he had been blissfully ignorant and happy picking beans for sixty cents a day on a North Carolina farm. But that was before he met the meddlesome troublemaker. A complete stranger whom he had met quite by chance began telling him about places where a man, even a black man like Robert, could pretend he was just as good as anyone else, no matter where he was from or what he had done. Places where a man could prosper and raise a family and love his neighbors. Places where Robert could do all week what, up till then, he had only heard about on Sunday mornings. It was the beginning of the end for Robert Smith. Someone had fucked his head up. Someone had taught him how to dream.

He left his family and friends and set out for the promised land. Only to arrive in Baltimore and hence, Crownsville. He was picked up by the police at a hospital entrance, bugging people for a job: he loved to help people. Due to his inability to communicate he was taken to Crownsville State Hospital.

It was unnerving, even for a Son of God, to observe how anyone could smile at so little. You couldn't even say "hi" in his general direction without him following you around the ward for forty-five minutes, patting you on the back and asking, "how you doin' now, old buddy?"

"Just fine Robert, really great, man." "Think I can get me a job out there somewhere?"

"I'm sure of it, Robert."

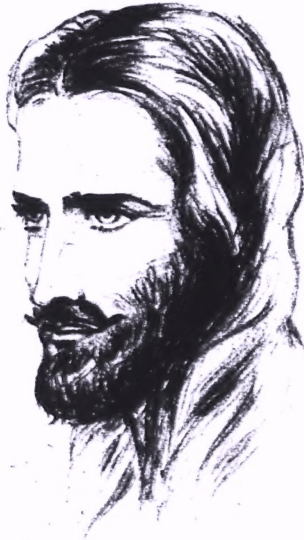
"I'll go over to Job Corp, they'll get me a job. How you doin' old buddy?" "Just fine Robert, really great, man."

This was Robert's day. He had been here over three weeks and today was the day that he would get a chance to talk to the doctor.

I remember my first talk with the doctor. I had been here fourteen full days. Within that time, I had been beaten, drugged, and needled, entirely against my will, and I was really into talking to someone in a position of authority.

I also wanted to know why I had to take Mehrlil. Three times a day I had to take it and at least two out of three times a day I had to throw it up. It didn't make much sense. Man, was that stuff vile. Burning my throat like no bootleg liquor I've ever tasted, it was hours before I could get the nauseous taste out of

my mouth and throat. There must have been dozens of diverse drugs used in this place. "Why must I suffer Mehrlil?" I would ask bewilderedly time and time again. It was always the same answer, "You'll have to ask the doctor."



"When? I mean I've really been anxious to talk to the guy; but two weeks! And he hasn't been around once! That's what I call good duty."

So today was my day.

As soon as I sat down, I started right from the beginning. I went over every minute detail with the precision and accuracy. At the end of twenty minutes, I concluded what I felt was my finest oration. He just gazed at me in an abstract fashion. "Is there something wrong?" I finally ventured.

"What you mean to say?" he said in a thick Cuban accent. I stared at him in disbelief. Reality came crashing down around me. Oh dear Jesus! The man can barely speak and comprehend the English language!

It couldn't be happening, it just couldn't. What ever happened to all those television shows where the entire cure is based on the strong rapport between the patient and the psychiatrist.

"What you mean to say?" he asked again.

"I don't really think it matter" I said numbly. He understood that part because he smiled in agreement.

"Somehow I don't feel this whole thing is conducive to mental health," I stood and walked woodenly to the door. I paused at the doorway, "Have you ever tried Mehrlil, doctor?"

"Yes, you take Mehrlil," he answered matter of factly.

Shaking my head, I wandered onto the ward. I stared out of the screened window and watched the cars passing on the distant highway.

If people only knew what went on within these walls, if they only knew.

Now it was time for Robert to have his day. Semantic handicap and all. He just stood there grinning as he waited to be admitted into the attendants station. God help him. I pressed my face against the screen of the attendants' station and prayed in vain for a miracle.

He came on just as I had. Told the man just where he was at, what he planned, what he believed in.

He concluded his talk by saying, "And all I want to do is go over yonder and get

Standing by the door and grinning from ear to ear, he grabbed my hands and said, "Don't forget me, now."

I won't, Robert Smith, not ever.

For some reason people like to rap to me about drug abuse. I don't know, maybe I look like a junkie. But when they do, I always ask, "Well now, just what kind of drug abuse have you come in contact with?" And they usually reply "Well I just saw some tenny-boppers blowin' grass" or "I saw these guys on a bad trip" or something to that effect. To which I always reply, "It's just like the venerable old sage always says in the 1948 movies, 'I have seen many thing.' And if ever you want to get into looking at some real drug abuse, I've got just the place to take you."

Church of Man Formed

There's a new church being started by a group of people on Washington Blvd. It's to be a commune type of affair, but with a great deal more forethought behind it than most.

The driving force behind the Church of Man, as it is called, is Mike McKain. McKain has had a long history of being a political activist as well as being involved in the Unitarian Church. His goals, in this church, however, are not just to make the participants in the experiment happy and content. The goal Mike strives for in building the Church of Man is to affect the surrounding community and to show them who and what they are and what they stand for. He believes that educating the people about what he is doing rather than shutting himself and his group off from the world is the real success to the commune and the church. He wants to provide a different set of alternatives to the people in the community so they will stop and think and maybe make a choice.

As far as politics goes for McKain, he has really gotten the shit kicked out of him for his beliefs. Being a leftist is one thing, but when you try and apply the leftist doctrine in numerous social services departments all over the country you are going to get a lot of people upset. He knows how it feels to be fired.

Presently Mike is working in preventive social work for Baltimore City with street groups.

Right now he is trying to get his views across to people in a position that is least exposed to pressure from the outside. The Church of Man being more or less Unitarian in its beliefs with the concept of full equality to all and no superior figures. These people take a pantheistic view of all life. They want only sincere people so they have put quite a stiff entrance requirement on, \$500 initial fee and \$50 a month. They are presently working to get a storefront church into condition at 676 Washington Blvd., and will probably go into commission during the summer.

They have decided to purchase their three buildings to eliminate pressure from landlords to halt to change operations. In this way all they have to contend with is the Dept. of Building Inspectors. Aside from that hassle, they are pretty much independent. Papers are now in the process of being drawn up to have the church incorporated and legally registered. It will really make a hell of a lot of difference once this is done. They can pull all earnings and finances through the church and make them tax free. They can have the members of the commune donate all their earnings to the church and in return receive allotments of live on from the church, all tax free.

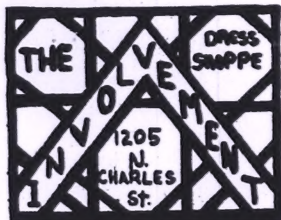
If you're interested in what McKain is doing call him at 837-7369.

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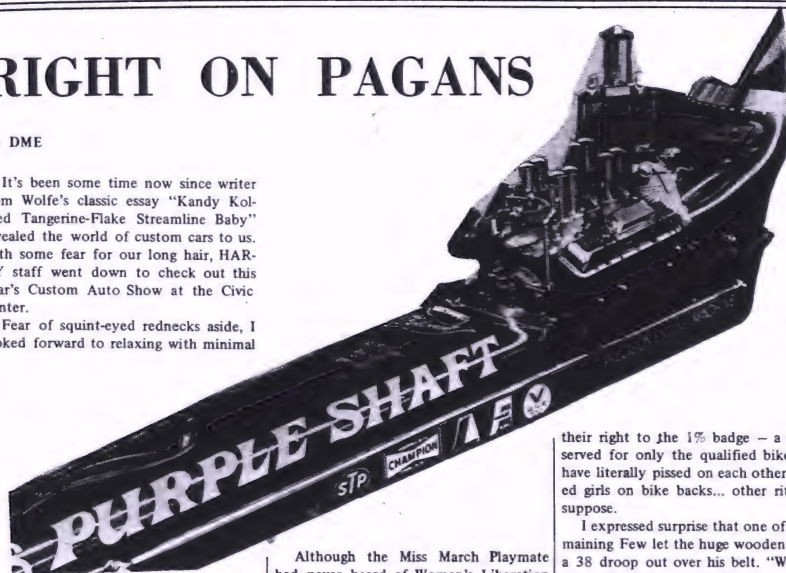


RIGHT ON PAGANS

by DME

It's been some time now since writer Tom Wolfe's classic essay "Kandy Kolorado Tangerine-Flake Streamline Baby" revealed the world of custom cars to us. With some fear for our long hair, HARRY staff went down to check out this year's Custom Auto Show at the Civic Center.

Fear of squint-eyed rednecks aside, I looked forward to relaxing with minimal



human involvement among the gross exhibits — like John Lennon's psychedelic Rolls limousine or the world's most super painted peace and love Corvette — and looked forward to ogling the go-go girls or Miss March Playmate. That love of things would keep the segs from attacking us.

Actually, far more than last years', this crowd seemed to be a brother minority struggling to be free. Sure there were the hard devotees of Sig Erson racing cams or Doug Thorley headers you might remember approaching you with menace at gas stations. But here was a more garish set, with bikes "custom pegged, sissy barred, scallop metalled, flake painted" — the cyclists — outlaws like us from the great cow middle class — like groupies, carnival and rodeo circuit people. The Cecil County dragway crowd was there, but "heads" as well.

Although the Miss March Playmate had never heard of Women's Liberation and seemed in it mainly for Ford Motor's \$100 a day, I met a sweet Baltimore go-go competitor who does it "for fun—What else is there to do in Baltimore?"

Most of all — the bikers — strangely political — in that half light schizophrenia of changing America — out front. A leader of the Baltimore club, the Remaining Few, explained they are quite peaceful — despite the guns they pack. "No we don't have draft problems; most of our boys been in 4 years, but if I had to do it over again — I wouldn't. And we help deserters."

"Sure Mother Burns" (head of the Few) "likes to terrorize a little, but we dig the peace movement." They explained that the swastikas and iron crosses they wear are not symbols of Nazism, but relic souvenirs of World War 2 early bikers brought back.

The Remaining Few expected trouble that night, since the Pagans challenge

their right to the 1% badge — a title reserved for only the qualified bikers who have literally pissed on each other, screwed girls on bike backs... other rituals I suppose.

I expressed surprise that one of the Remaining Few let the huge wooden butt of a 38 drop out over his belt. "Well," he said, "I guess you've found me out," producing a half-sized wallet and flipping it open to display the badge and card of the Baltimore City Police Department. "Then you're an infiltrator," I asked. "Nope — 8 hours a day I'm a cop, the rest I'm out cycling... actually in a little trouble over it right now; sergeant says I either quit the bikes or quit the force." He proudly showed me the trophy the Remaining Few have from the Essex police for their participation in an America Day parade.

He introduced me to the president of the Nomads who, ring in his nose and all, is a computer programmer in real life.

I shook myself — on to Peter Fonda's Easy Rider Captain America bike — "no politics," the manageress said — "We just rented this from Columbia Studios."

Depressing to think of our brothers in Duncalk or Essex with their jobs at Bethlehem Steel or at computers, grooving weekends on bike parts or wierd rituals. If everybody hustles into some special corner — from drag racing clubs to underground newspapers — this Aquarian Age generation will be as fragmented as the last.

But the bikers want us to ride with them Memorial Day — they'll be massing for a run — "as many as 500 wheels on the road." Good vibes. Like the Conspiracy 8, these guys have style. No cracker in Bel Air, Maryland, is gonna keep them from coming into his theatre because they have long hair. They are with us — with the go-go girls who flash us the V sign. Forget the killing at the Altamont Rock festival — forget the mafia behind the drugs — the custom garbage floats away when an electric guitar starts playing.

Do You Know Why You Are

A Degenerate?

by THOMAS V. D'ANTONI

Yes, you. Are you aware of the reasons why you are a dope-ridden chromosome-damaged hippie pervert revolutionary?

There is only one reason. That is — prayers have been taken out of the Public Schools. That's right. Aren't you glad you know why you are what you are.

This divine revelation came to pass the other night at a City Council education committee hearing in which City Council Resolution 1087, authored by Councilmen Frank Gallagher and Reuben Caplan, was taken up.

The resolution calls for the School Board to "initiate a practice in the schools of permitting children to come to their classrooms five minutes earlier than scheduled for their voluntary recital of personal prayers."

Think about that for a minute. Has this subject entered your head in the last five years? Has it ever? See. That's why you're a degenerate. You haven't even thought about it you ignorant mother-fucker.

You should have heard speaker after speaker try to save the republic. One dude — none other than the National Coordinator of "Citizens for Public Prayer" — rapped about how he wants to "make America a nation on its knees." Right on. Right on. On its knees. Right fucking on!

He sounded the call to stop "creeping secularism." Oh yeah? And how is Pope Gregory these days? What, chanting? Far out.

(Why are you wasting your time reading about straight jerks like these guys?)

Anyway all these other guys got up and said stuff like "speaking to the City Council is a greater honor than wearing the uniform of the U.S. Armed Forces." Can you disagree with him? Stuff like, "We should eliminate sex-education and initiate prayers in schools." Can you estimate how far your head is from that? Is it even measurable?

The most interesting thing to come out of this is that if the resolution passes each school will have to provide a separate room for each religion and for each denomination of each religion, and then they'll have to decide what a religion is. Can't you see it — Mohammed 39X leading one Muslim kid at Roland Park. I volunteer to lead whoever wants to be lead in morning prayers to The Great God HARRY.

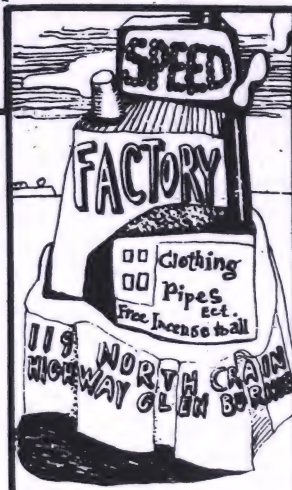


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A Primer on the Roots of the Cultural Alternatives

Part II

by Rob Kanigel

Marx's declaration that "the history of all hitherto existing society is the history of class struggles" leaves unanswered what those struggles have been all about. Later on, in the *Communist Manifesto*, the answer is given that the struggles are for control of the means of production. More fundamentally, then, man's history becomes a history of his struggle with the environment for the necessities of life. Now, with the ascendancy of technology, that phase of man's history is at an end. But most individuals have not yet readjusted their thinking to this new fact. Man has been so bent on his battle for physical existence that he has not had time to plan for what to do when the struggle could be stopped. The industrial societies are feverishly producing and consuming, more from the built in habit of thousands of years of economic warfare than out of real necessity. The traditions, customs, and ideas passed on through the years have developed largely around the necessity to survive — broadly, around basic economic factors: food, work, clothing, shelter, reproduction. It is difficult to imagine a tradition so long focused toward one end turned around, overnight to reflect influences formerly considered of secondary importance. Straight society is the carrier of this economic heritage. So that when the hip sub-culture speaks of meaningful relationships, spiritual uplifting, and the heightening of sensory awareness, the reaction of the dominant culture can be expected to be either a blank stare of incomprehension or an outburst of hatred. For straight society, the pitting of an economic value against a non-economic value can have but one outcome. Hip society has challenged that exclusivity of economic considerations. But understanding the language and actions of straight society rests on the recognition of this economic tunnel vision.

Straight society is formed around the core of the industrial system. This system

crosses ideological lines and should be considered not in terms of economic organization (capitalism, socialism, communism, etc.), but in terms of the level of technology and organization involved: mechanization and automation.

More than anything else, the industrial system requires the predictability of everything which even remotely touch-

ness leaders is merely the outgrowth of the need to predict future events. Since predictions of tomorrow follow from the events of today, such predictions can be made most accurately if tomorrow is made just like today.

The obsession with predicting the future in order to make economic activities more successful is suggested by the ap-

which would give the driver a second chance, by disconnecting the throttle under such emergency conditions. The safety addition would have jacked the price by little more than 5%, but it was not approved because it was felt that the number of people affected by the dangerous condition was too small. (Perhaps only one person, perhaps only two, perhaps only ten will die.)

This type of economically correct, socially dreadful thinking is the essence of straight society. But the type of statements and actions represented by the speed control do not arise from some sort of grand conspiracy to kill or dehumanize, nor even from rampant avarice. Rather they result from a view of the world which leaves little room for non-economic considerations.

What the dominant culture must acknowledge is that such thinking is no longer justified. American society can not only afford some measure of economic inefficiency, but needs it. If it is to live up to any sort of an ideal, if it is to promote the social/human considerations it has so long ignored, society must welcome economic inefficiency. As the technology becomes further advanced, its justification, and then its necessity, will grow. But "economic inefficiency" in no way denotes merely an increase in the leisure time available to most of the population. Such increased leisure, within an atmosphere still permeated by "dollar pollution," is not an adequate answer to the questions implied by an economy of affluence. Nor, in fact, is any answer.

In the absence of an obvious solution, hip society has begun a series of experiments — life experiments. It has begun delving into the "higher" needs of man — beyond those of mere physical existence. Ideas like the "meaning of life" have been removed from the philosophers' bookshelves and brought into the realm of action — into the day-to-day activities of men. The relationships between man and man, and man and himself, are being "studied" in new ways. They are being studied on a level which has man's increased humanity as its only end. With much of man's history serving as a witness to his dehumanization, such investigations can only be welcome.

There has been a good deal of talk, recently, concerning the growth of sensitivity training, "T-groups," etc., in management development seminars. It is important not to confuse these new techniques with the experiments of hip society. Sensitivity training in a business atmosphere can only be aimed at the more efficient use of the "human resource material" — again making the individual something to be manipulated for the sake, finally, of the economy. The groping ventures of hip society, on the other hand, have no "end." They merely happen.

Yes, something is going on — something not necessary, perhaps, for the preservation of the society, but, rather necessary for the preservation, as human beings, of the individuals within that society. Hip society should recall from time to time, that its freedom to experiment derives from the success of straight society in achieving its chosen goals; even as it ventures beyond the values implied by those goals.

The Anti-Pollution Action Committee is a group of people working to replace the private automobile with free mass transit in Baltimore. Call PAC for further information: 889-0069.



es on it. As a system for the production and distribution of goods and services, it must plan its activities with some confidence that goals will be achieved. Its interests dictate that tomorrow be like today, or that tomorrow be different from today in a highly predictable way. The conservativeness of busi-

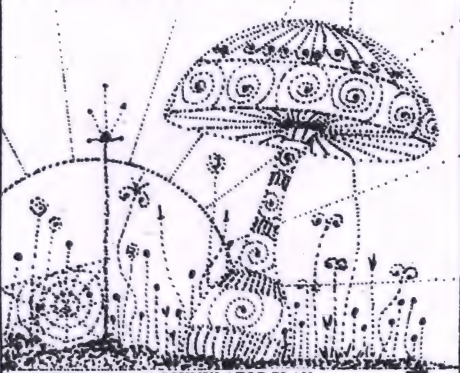
ness is merely the outgrowth of the need to predict future events. Since predictions of tomorrow follow from the events of today, such predictions can be made most accurately if tomorrow is made just like today.

The obsession with predicting the future in order to make economic activities more successful is suggested by the appearance of a new technological journal, called *Technological Forecasting*. This journal is the publication of those whose jobs are nothing but the planning for the future. The introduction to a recent article speaks of the "high cost of developing and introducing new forms of transportation" as requiring "a careful prediction of the market potential of such innovations." It adds that "For any proposed futuristic mode of transportation, the manufacturer or buyer must evaluate the demand for it in the future transportation environment to which it is introduced." Gone are the days when a clever inventor/entrepreneur just sent his new product to market. Now, he must know in advance whether it will "meet consumer acceptance and economic success in the market place." If one hundred thousand inner city residents would be greatly helped by a new transportation system but the type of mathematical analysis appearing in *Technological Forecasting* showed that it wouldn't turn a profit, there would be no new transportation system.

The drive for economic efficiency, virtually independent of other considerations, is what leads to the type of action so often condemned by hip society. An example will serve to illustrate the point:

A prominent manufacturer of automotive electronics components is currently producing a device, sold as one of those "optional extras," which controls the speed of a car electronically. The design of the product is such that it's conceivable that the valve which controls the speed can jam or clog with dirt. This results in a stuck throttle. The condition was brought to the attention of management by one of the engineers working on the job. He designed a fail-safe device

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Underground Radio

by Mike Carliner

"And that's number 27 on the WLPL Big 30 sound survey."

I think I'm going to be sick.

When I moved to Baltimore from Philadelphia six months ago, I asked where to set the pushbuttons on my FM receiver in order to get rock music. People looked a little embarrassed and said, "Well....."

I haven't listened to radio much in the last six months.

Meanwhile, rumors were circulating about an underground station in Annapolis, but we weren't able to find it until last week.

Underground radio is alive but weak in the air waves above Baltimore. It's a little hard to pick up — you have to play with the antenna, switch off the interstation muting, etc., but WXTC-FM, 107.9 ("the highest point on your FM dial"), broadcasts "Real Rock" from Annapolis each weekday evening from 8:30 to midnight.

We went down to visit Mr. Barry Lee, the radio "personality" (as they are, alas, called in the trade) behind the "Real Rock" show. When we entered the studio, he had on a side from the Grateful Dead's *Anthem of the Sun* album — the whole side. He has a stack of albums (no singles) ready to go on. Many of the albums are his own. The station is kind of new with this kind of music, and they don't have that many records yet, so when Barry gets requests for an album, he's likely to go out and buy it.

Barry is a former musician, and for two years has been programming WXTC's normal black-oriented fare.

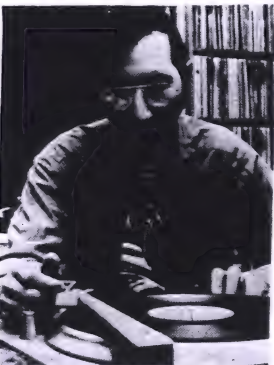
Annapolis Broadcasting Co., WANN and WXTC-FM, isn't exactly Metromedia. Their offices and studios are about the size of HARRY's (i.e., a little larger than the average Gino's). They're not quite sure how to go about being an underground station (a term which scares the company management), but they think there is a community (=market) which is not being properly served. Back in September, the management called in Barry Lee to ask "What is underground music?" Barry gave a demonstration, and was given an hour program each night to try it out. This is now up to 3½ hours, including a "blues anthology" from 10:30 to 11:00.

There aren't many commercials on XTC, a fact which makes it more pleasant to listen to, but which could threaten its future. There are occasional ads for Annapolis' lone hip boutique (which the station management refers to as a "head shop") or for car dealers. Record companies and concert promoters have ignored the show.

Calls come in from places like Towson, but heaviest listenership is in the Annapolis area, where the signal is strongest. It is reportedly well received among the heads at the Naval Academy (no shit), a regiment of whom have written in.

There are a few rough spots in XTC's program. The taped station ID's still sound a little AM-jingly, the public service announcements are more appropriate to a different public, the A.P. "News Headlines" are guaranteed to turn off a turned on audience. But the biggest faults are (1) it's not on long enough, (2) it's not in stereo, and (3) the signal isn't strong enough for many people to pick it up.

Expressions of support and constructive criticism at this point could help bring first rate underground rock in loud and clear.



Write in. Tell them you're listening. Make suggestions. If you can't pick it up on your radio, but would like to, write and tell them that too. The address is:

WXTC
Box 631
Annapolis, Md.

Here in Baltimore, a petition is being circulated to show potential support for an underground station.

The Baltimore Committee for Progressive Broadcasting, authors of the petition, are asking people to sign it and "show that the music fans of metro Baltimore would listen...to good progressive music programming."

The committee is the creation of Leonard R. Roberts, II, a Westminster high school student. (Neither he or the other members of the committee with whom we spoke have been able to pick up WXTC on their radios).

So far they have about a thousand signatures, and are hoping for seventy thousand. They have spoken to the managements of several stations, and are hopeful about the prospects. One possible approach they are looking at is to convince a station to subscribe to "ABC Love", a syndicated, sort of sugar-coated, commercialized program now aired in about 14 cities, which features the more popular underground albums. It won't bring anything "controversial", but they don't play "Cherry Hill Park" every 45 minutes either.

If you can't find a copy of the petition to sign, write to:
Baltimore Committee
for Progressive Broadcasting
165 W. Main St.
Westminster, Md. 21157

We hope something happens soon, our records are getting a little worn.



"The Magic Christian"

by DME

The *Magic Christian* describes the shuck of money, in color and to a solid piece of Paul McCartney's "If you want it, come and get it." It is a wild piece which makes the point that anyone can be bought — from the Oxford rowing crew to the park grounds keeper. The end has assorted business types diving after bills into a vat of piss, shit, and blood.

The imagery is great — hallucinatory. But the story's thin — not half the drive of *Candy*, an earlier Terry Southern

work, although you get to look at Rachel Welch this time. The "babes" of this film are its faggots. It's a gross film — like Fellini's *Satyricon*. Then so is burning down a bank, or banks at all. Sellers and Ringo Starr, who plays his son, rub your nose in their suitcase full of money until you feel like running into a jail or a commune to escape the madness. Has Southern left? It's a good point anyway.



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AERO

Wed. thru Tues.
COMPUTER WORE TENNIS
SHOES (G) & TOUGH TO
BE A BIRD (G)

APEX

Wed. thru Tues.
BAD GIRLS GO TO HELL (X)
SATAN'S BED (X)

APOLLO

Sun. thru Tues.
FILE OF THE GOLDEN
GOOSE (GP)
DEATH RIDES A HORSE

ARCADE

Wed. thru Tues.
TOPAZ (GP)

BEL AIR

Wed. thru Tues.
REIVERS (GP)

BIDDLE

Wed. thru Sat.
BIG SUN DOWN
HAMMERHEAD
Sun. thru Tues.
UNDEFEATED (G)
COME SPY WITH ME

BOULEVARD

Wed. thru Tues.
THEY SHOOT HORSES
DON'T THEY (GP)

BROADWAY

Wed. thru Tues.
TOPAZ (GP)

CAPITOL

— Annapolis
Wed. thru Tues.
TOPAZ (GP)

CARLTON

Wed. thru Tues.
TOPAZ (GP)

CHARLES

SECRET OF SANTA
VICTORIA (GP)

CINEMA I

Wed. thru Tues.
GAILY, GAILY (GP)

CINEMA II

Wed. thru Tues.
GAILY, GAILY (GP)

COLONY

Wed. thru Tues.
LOOKING GLASS WAR (GP)

CLUSTER

Wed. thru Sat.
UNDEFEATED (G)
PLANET OF THE APES
Sun. thru Tues.
SAILOR BEWARE
HELLO DOWN THERE (G)

CREST

Wed. thru Tues.
LOOKING GLASS WAR (GP)

EARLE

Wed. thru Tues.
TOPAZ (GP)

EDMONDSON VILLAGE

Wed. thru Tues.
SLAVES

FIVE WEST

Wed. thru Tues.
GAILY, GAILY (GP)

GLEN BURNIE MALL

Wed. thru Tues.
ONLY GAME IN TOWN (GP)

GRAND

Wed. thru Tues.
LOOKING GLASS WAR (GP)

HAMPDEN

Fri., Sat. and Sun.
HELLS ANGELS '69
HELL CATS

HARLEM

Wed. thru Tues.
TOPAZ (GP)

HARUNDALE

Wed. thru Tues.
TOPAZ (GP)

HILLEDALE

Wed. thru Tues.
LOOKING GLASS WAR (GP)

HIPPODROME

Wed. all day preview
HONEYMOON KILLERS (R)
FRANKENSTEIN MUST BE
DESTROYED (G) DRACULA
HAS RISEN FROM THE
GRAVE (G)
Sun. thru Tues.
HONEYMOON KILLERS (R)

HIWAY

Wed. thru Tues.
MIDNIGHT COWBOY (X)

HOLLYWOOD

Wed. thru Tues.
MIDNIGHT COWBOY (X)
Matinee Sat. and Sun.
SNOW QUEEN (G)

HOWARD

Wed.
GREETINGS (X)
Thurs. thru Sat.
MAD WOMAN OF CHAILLOT (G)
Sun. thru Tues.
CASTLE KEEP

KANE

Wed. thru Tues.
CHECK THEATRE 276-6165

LIBERTY

Wed. thru Tues.
BOB & CAROL & TED & ALICE (R)

LITTLE

Wed. thru Tues.
BUTCH CASSIDY & THE
SUNDANCE KID (GP)

LORD BALTIMORE

Wed. thru Tues.
THE COMPUTER GAME (X)

MAYFAIR

Wed. thru Tues.
MAGIC CHRISTIAN (GP)

McHENRY

Wed. thru Sat.
BABYSITTER (X)
FOUNTAIN OF LOVE (X)
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THEY (GP)

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ONLY GAME IN TOWN (GP)

SEVEN EAST

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THREE

SQUIRE - Aberdeen

Wed. thru Tues.
CHECK THEATRE 272-4210

YORK ROAD

Wed. thru Tues.
BOB & CAROL & TED & ALICE (R)

cont. from p. 18

The record features some of the finest New York jazz men on the avant-garde scene today. Its leader bassist Charlie Haden has gathered around him the musical force to move mountains, and he does so.

Side one is a series of Spanish Civil War songs, tied together with an introduction and an ending composed by Carla Bley. It's a musical Guernica. It's very difficult to describe this side. It's like a collage with the songs functioning as sort of newspaper clippings. There is really no way to describe the awesome power one gets. Armies clash in the grooves of this side and though there isn't a word spoken on this side I'm inclined to agree with Michael Cuscena who said "though Haden's music had no vocal parts, the blending of timeless, spirited protest music with the interpretation of avant-garde jazz musicians who have developed their own musical voices of freedom resulted in stimulating, excellent sincere, original music."

Side two opens with "Song for Che" which features a short solo by Don Cherry on wood flute which sounds like small fish darting in the water or birds in flight, or early sun rise, followed by more free jazz featuring Dewey Redman on alto saxophone. The piece soon turns into a battlefield. Images of side one are called forth. Two short pieces "War Orphans" and "Drinking Music." "War Orphans" is

a musical Song My and "Drinking Music" is the response a Spiro Agnew would give it.

The last piece on this record is "Circus 68-69" and "We Shall Overcome." Charlie Haden wrote it as a picture of the famous pork chop convention of Chicago. If I may quote him from his jacket notes for the album "The idea for 'Circus 68-69' came to me one night while watching the Democratic National Convention on the television in the summer of 1968. After the minority plank on Vietnam was defeated in a vote taken on the convention floor, the California and New York delegations spontaneously began to sing "We Shall Overcome" in protest. Unable to gain control of the floor, the rostrum instructed the convention orchestra to drown out the singing. "You're A Grand Old Flag" and "Happy Days are Here Again" could be heard trying to stifle "We Shall Overcome." To me this told a story of what was happening in country politically."

It is a moving collage sort of like the things Charles Ives did.

The album closes with "We Shall Overcome" done ala Salvation Army. You can say its "old timey" but what the hell these cats are sincere and the rest of the album makes up for this. Listen to it when you get a chance (or if you dare to stop listening to rock.)

LISTINGS FOR WEDNESDAY, MARCH 4 thru TUESDAY, MARCH 10

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Peabody Conservatory Freaks At Last

by WILLIAM BLAND

Last Tuesday night at the Peabody Conservatory Bill Russo gave a concert that was 4½ hours long... and only about 3 of those were in the concert hall. The rest of the concert was unplanned and unrehearsed, and had a cast in the hundreds, and gave everyone involved that feeling of final unity, the non-sexual sexual experience.

Bill Russo is on loan from Chicago to Baltimore. The first time you meet him you know that around him something has to happen... these are just nothing passive about the man. Bill used to arrange and write for the big bands and the sense of professionalism is strong. He knows what he wants and even better, he knows how to make you produce it. Bill works with more people not from Peabody than he does with actual Peabody students, not because he prefers it that way but generally because "kids" outside the academic strait jacket have a sense of freedom (abandon) that taking courses like English and Theory doesn't allow, and if there's one prerequisite that Bill's music needs, it's that freedom to express itself. The rock theater that Bill organizes (after its Chicago counterpart) involves dance, singing, free movement, and playing hard rock, as well as the pure visual element: lights, projections, movies, slides et al., and the theater provides an experience that in no way could you provide for yourself. It's hard to express the sense of freedom you feel just being around the people in the theater who are alive and have the sense of awareness of what they're doing with music and art and literature and dance. No course in the world could be more instructive, no experience could be more satisfying than to take part in this type of theater... a true peoples theater, a true liberation of the mind and the directing of impulse to the creative spirit.

This "spirit" was present last Tuesday when the Peabody students "rose up" to protest their exploitation by a form of the establishment, the conglomerate of Wallace H. Cambell and Co., managers of the dormitories, and the food service that supplies their "food." The student leaders chose the night of the concert for their protest because there was to be a dinner for the patrons of the Candlelight series that night in the cafeteria, and they wanted to make the money aware that students do have more to do than taking notes and practicing Chopin. While some patrons looked on in surprise, amusement and indignation, students gathered around the rather unhappy director of the institute, Richard Goldman, and shouted their slogans (ex. "End Mystery Meat") while others played tambourines and other percussion. And the whole thing was filmed for television, giving it that final seal of approval so necessary to a good demonstration these days. Because of an informer earlier in the day, the whole administration was aware of what was going on, and per usual was on hand

to condemn, joke, support, be blasé (pick one.) The affair had that unmistakable carnival spirit, combined with a feeling of being "in on the action."

This "carnival" was the true beginning of the concert that evening, touching not only a responsive chord in the audience, but more importantly freeing the performers themselves, giving them that unity mentioned before... under these circumstances the concert couldn't and didn't fail. Bill Russo was providing a catalyst to being what you are and for once the people took advantage of the offer. Students, faculty, and patrons filled the Concert Hall to near capacity, (over 1000) and the mood of the audience was as high as if Che or Rudi were there in person to whip the audience into doing the thing inside them. The tension was all but unbearable and this time, for maybe the first time, people came not to be seen but to see for themselves what was going to happen. Finally, Bill Russo came out on stage, with the full orchestra in front of him and the concert started with an improvisation for the orchestra.

While I was fully prepared not to like the improvisation, I did in spite of myself. Russo kept the ensemble under pretty tight control and it was clear that this section of the concert was to warm up the orchestra as much as the audience. But nevertheless the audience dug it pretty well and were impatient to hear more, which is a major accomplishment with a basically establishment audience. The cello concerto which followed was in a neo-classic style and was obviously some sort of homage to Mozart, going so far as to suggest actual themes from familiar Mozart works. Mihily Virizlay was the cello soloist in this premiere performance and to my mind he pretty much bombed the part. There is no certain reason for this, although at times his intonation was bad and he lost some phrasing, but even more that indefinable factor X just doesn't exist in his playing whether its with the Baltimore Symphony or even in a chamber ensemble. It has to be admitted however that he really didn't have much to work with this time. The cello part really presents to problem for the soloist and the orchestra is conventional. The only problem is for the listener who must figure out how not to become bored while the piece is being played. All in all, the Cello Concerto is better forgotten by everyone, including Mr. Russo.

The Concerto for Blues Band and Orchestra is an entirely different story. The whole work is based on the standard blues progression, but while the blues band often sustains this effect the orchestra is playing more that contrasts to the extreme with the conventional "blues." The result is beautiful, in the true sense of the word, and the audience often becomes a part of the performance. This piece was premiered in Philharmonic Hall in New York, and the audience there went wild. Well, the audience here did too, this reviewer included. The piece is

in three movements, and in the last section the blues band took some rides that were out of sight, especially the harmonica player. The whole place was with that guy when he played and no show of appreciation for him could have been enough.

After a long intermission, the concert proceeded with the Peabody Jazz Ensemble on stage and another piece by Russo, called *In Memoriam*. This piece is in five parts and each part is based on some association with a text. The soloists were

successful those performers will ever have.

The last piece on the program was the final scene from Russo's rock theater piece called *liberation* dedicated to the memory of Che. In this piece dancers entered from the side aisles, the band played acid rock, and the walls of the hall were transformed into living sub-



all fantastic in their own way and to single out anyone is sort of tonegate the overall feeling of the performance. It was in this piece that you could tell Russo's background with the band era, because some of the sounds were straight from Kenton and Ellington, only better in this context. And I have rarely if ever heard a jazz group play as well as the Peabody ensemble. The audience was as tight with them as possible, and they knew it and played. They played until nothing better could come out and then it did, and the whole experience was one of the most

stances of color (by slides and projector.) The only trouble with this piece was that it wasn't long enough. I wanted to sit and experience more, to actually be a part of the environment, instead of watching it. What better way to end a concert than to make the audience part of the experience of creation, not only of the environment but of themselves as well. What is the purpose of anything if the basic reason for its being is not the involvement of itself with other selves? Why bother to exist if you are incapable

cont. on p.18

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ABOUT PIECES OF SONIC REALITY

by ROBERT GUATIER

As artists, musicians define reality, create moods and, sometimes, help people clarify their situations. Besides the occasional ecstasies one experiences by getting out into a piece of music, there is also an ecstasy of perception which one derives from seeing the bases of ecstasy in music. What about sonic reality in America?

Is there anything in the music coming out of this country which reflects something profound about our culture? Does U.S. Music tell a lot about the U.S.?

Is there any mode of expression which feeds upon our technological culture? How are feelings and ideas expressed through and by a technologically-oriented culture?

With the Jimi Hendrix Experience, the Pentangle, Traffic, musicians who play psychedelic sound or rock adaptations of Indian ragas, there is a certain commonality musically: an emphasis on Sound without a stress on the importance of words, meaning systems formed by the alphabet.

In some of the non-verbal, pre-literate musics, atmospheres of sound are created. These are like huge envelopes bulging with sound: worlds in which people are able to enter and be surrounded, flooded and united with Sound. This type of music is total, all-swallowing, orgasmic. Possibly transcendent. And, because of the sense-bases nature of it, the sensuousness and the sexuality, such music is simplistically (sometimes wrongly) called a means of Escaping Reality or stepping from the Nitty Gritty of Breath or ignoring the (vague to me) Aboutness of Life. Of course, escape can also be honestly de-

finer as search for, instead of run from. Nevertheless, such music (could call it youth culture music, but I'll leave it as "such music") can be seen as an invitation to Otherness in terms of a private moment or as a basis for a new culture — maybe an Earth People's Park, for instance. It could be said that much of the foundation of Hippieland (most mythical) and Hipness is rock music (who can forget "cool" jazz?), where words are quite secondary to the entire sound-based experience and to the new social class — the hip of all ages.

One element that should be examined is the non-intellectual essence of "such music." This is interesting in view of the many appraisals of America as historically being an anti-intellectual nation. So, it's not so odd if American music de-emphasizes intellectual forms, but goes for fun music, "moon-spoon" (the modern revision being "grunt-cunt") lyrics, socially disengaged songs. Nevertheless, oppressed blacks have created profundity in the Blues; poor whites have evolved a meaningful folk tradition; intellectual outsiders (often Jews) have worked in Quality experimental and classical forms. Puerto Ricans should drum up something real soon.

Now, for the new class: also from the land of Don't Touch and Keep Off the Grass, here is Sound (and deaffer people): the tens of thousands of decibels from amplifiers and sound systems which give us a technological push towards ecstasy. (Note: most good rock groups need their own sound man; he's a technician who takes care of the machines and the other

apparati connected with Making music.)

A sense of power is evoked by "such music" and is used to define reality for some people who dig such sounds. Power. Power is a characteristic element of such music. Power is also a predominant experience (an experience of power) that comes from participating with such sounds. And, the Power comes from the Technology (sound systems, amplifiers, reverbs...) which Makes the sounds. This is peculiarly American because Power is One of the Most Significant and Respected Realities in this Country. Americans seem to get a lot of their collective self from an almost sexual identification with powerful machines.

Also flowing from Sound music are feelings of Primitiveness, Savagery, Violence and Rebellion, Loudness, one of its vital parts, gives a sonic basis for generational wars — the phrase rock 'n' roll is often blamed to be a pagan-begat gun which kidnaps 11, 14, 17, 19, 22 year old children from their mothers and fathers. Rock slashes at History and says All Is Now New — a long, chesty hmmm should follow this proclamation.

Musically, one has to examine the elements which create primitiveness, savagery, violence and rebellion in the fantasy lives of individuals. Besides the elements of power and massive volume, the historic element of roots can be found in African rhythms (drums are prominent), gospel and R&B music, chanting traditions, Indian ragas, Bali music.

Such music (often rock) clashes with the traditional standards of modesty, in-

hibitions, conceptions of obedience (law & order). Heaven and salvation are often affected by patched together cosmic views emanating from new cultures connected with sound people. Sounds are a musical symbol of rebellion, even for politically naive, conservative, middle-class oriented individuals (like me.) A prime demonic figure coming from the sound world is, of course, J. Morrison of the Doors. A newly arrived Joe Cocker also comes from the established genre of pitchforks, horns, tails and vermillion. Mr. James Brown stands as a redoubtable ebony symbol of black animalism.

Some see another side to these sounds: the possibility of gentleness and more workable approaches to love. Here, America and electronic technology make possible a phase of musical history never before a possibility, primarily due to the fact that electronics and complex technology never existed before.

America's musical definitions of reality have unintentionally created a possible "counter-culture" which has aided in the construction of elaborate sound envelopes where people could further accentuate their illnesses, find themselves and/or other newnesses, discover locked-up packets of senses, see themselves as extensions of the hip of all ages.

It's ironic that the very technological culture that alienates, that cleaves people, also solders them together in sound environments using machines! This suggests a little bit about the possibility of a technology for humans.

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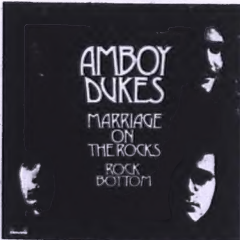
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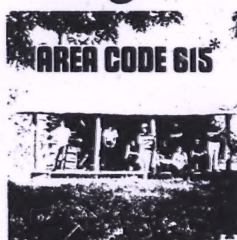
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I Danced till a Quarter to Three

by THOMAS V. D'ANTONI

In 1963 I would have sold my mother for a nickel on Baltimore Street if I could have seen Gary "U.S." Bonds in person. And here he is buying me a beer.

Shit, man, if I coulda heard him and Daddy G get behind "Quarter to Three" and "New Orleans" and especially "School is Out at La-ast and I'm so Glad I Pa-ast" — I'da sold myself for a nickel. And I'm sitting here talking to him.

You have to understand, he was the last rock idol I had before the folk music hype hit. Don't ask me how I got from "Quarter to Three" to "Maid of Constant Sorrow" in three months, but I managed it.

I got down to the Gentlemen II, the bar — well, the nightclub — a little early. There is an admission of two dollars y'see, but they don't start collecting it until around 7:30 or 8 so I made damn sure I arrived about 6:45.

Let me tell you about this place. The Gentlemen II (not 2 or TWO) is located in one of the Two Charles Center apartment towers. It is a night club for swinging singles, ugly ones. They hold the Neurosis Olympics there every four years. In alternate years they hold the East Coast Regionals of the Mr. and Mrs. Phonyliberal American Contest.

The female type people ranged from teased-hair green-eye lidded-lipsick chicks to wide-eyed secretarial pool rubber ducks who think the place is jus feanteastick feanteastick, to hip type bored-to-tears, gawd I'm lonely cock teasers.

The male type people included middle aged corporation luses; short haired cliché ridden Vietnam war veterans. semi long haired social workers; shiny brite liberals; and this nauseating holier than thou underground newspaper reporter.

I approached the owner, a dapper, thin, weasily looking man and asked him why he didn't advertise in HARRY. He told me, "Well, we're after the juicers — the ones who'll buy the drinks. Your people are primarily listeners not juicers." Right Fucking On!!

I was supposed to tell you about the place. A good journalist will always describe the locale in detail in order to set the story — to give it a frame in which he

can place the character(s) and action(s). I am a good journalist.

The place is fucking ugly. Two, three, four...

Bonds arrived about twenty minutes late. I was really getting impatient. I could still hear those old songs. That big brass section, Old Daddy G blowing on that tenor sax.

He walked in without a band. Yeah, the house band — The Better Half — was going to be his back up.

Shit. OK, he's still here but it can't be my U.S. Bonds without the brass!

If that weren't enough disappointment, he walked up to them and asked "What do you know?"

Well, they had rehearsed Quarter to Three and New Orleans and they knew some soul stuff. The evening was quickly bum tripping.

He didn't even look like U.S. Bonds. On the front of the albums he had a process, and a curl on his forehead, and — and now he was dressed up like some hippie pervert. Fringe and stripes and God I wish I was back in 1963.

That feeling lasted until I started talking to him. It was nice getting back into reality. Man, 1963 was a bad bad scene. I mean it started with the pimples on my nose and went downhill from there.

As I said, I started talking to him. The phyness of the crowd and the depressing aspects of the room disappeared. He's a nice guy. And he's friendly. He's easy to talk to.

We talked off and on for about three hours. Mostly easy talk. He's been doing nightclubs and colleges. He did the rock 'n' roll revival show in New York and he toured with another revival show.

I asked about former heroes. How was Wilbert Harrison doing? What ever happened to Ernie K-Doe?

Told me that he's just signed with Sue Records and he'd have a record coming out soon. We tried to think of some of the oldies on Sue — Ron Holden was the only one we could come up with. Oh yeah, and Jimmy McGriff.

He told me of the deaths of Billy "Fat Boy" Stewart, and Shep of Shep and the Limelites. Said he didn't go to the funeral because he doesn't like funerals.

He said he's been doing a lot of writing. "The Other Woman" was his, he said. I told him it was in the Top Ten on WWIN. He was happy about that.

He didn't have to talk to me. This was his fourth gig in a row and he had one for the following night. In addition he hadn't had much sleep the past two nights. He should have been in the office or sitting on a soft chair resting. He wondered how he was going to get it on in his first set. "If we can get through the first set, we'll be alright," he had told the band.

Just before the first set I asked him about a statement made by Miles Davis in a Rolling Stone interview. Davis had said that if you put a good black musician with a group of white musicians that the music would be better. This had seemed slightly racist until I asked Bonds about it.

He said that it was not a matter of racial musical superiority but rather of competition. The black musician, he explained, will come to the group with a sense of "soul" — either concious or unconcious and he'll tell himself — again not necessarily on a concious level — I'll show him my "soul." The white musician will tell himself, well, he's not the only one with soul — I'll show him I've got it too. The result will be better music.

The first set was horrible. Bonds was obviously dead tired and the band was uninspired.

But it happened in the second set. The very thing that Bonds had talked about earlier. They started competing. They fucking got it on! The audience which had slept through the first set, clapped their hands and began to dance. This super straight man kept screaming, "Do 'Long Tall Sally'!! Do 'Long Tall Sally'!! When Bonds did it, the man nearly freaked.

They did familiar soul things, and they did them up fine. Can you believe Bonds had this self-concious Alcohol-Head crowd singing soul with him? He goddamned did! He even had some of them gospel clapping with him!!

Bonds and the band took turns driving each other. Davis was right — not only good musicians, but mediocre as well. It was good music, period.

After the set, about fifteen minutes after the set (he was mobbed by the audience) Bonds was wondering how he was going to do it tomorrow on zero sleep — again. Not much complaining. The money's not bad and he's on his way back up.

For once nostalgia led to somewhere besides the dead end of frustration and the sense of loss. It will stand baby. If it stood at Gentlemen II, it'll stand anywhere.

Record Review

LIBERATION MUSIC ORCH.

by ALAN BARYSH

It is rare these days for the radical, press or the underground press to review a jazz recording. They swoon over such bits of garbage as the song "Give Peace a Chance" and do cart wheels for almost every rock group in the land be it ever inventive music of the Mothers or the infantile and illogical ramblings of the Doors. Jazz isn't noticed so dig it. You loose track of who influenced who even though Billie Holliday wrote "God Bless the Child." People insist that this lady from Baltimore sang it the "wrong way."



Liberation Music Orchestra, Charlie Haden (Impulse AS 9183)

Someone's got to turn the tide, I think I will. I love jazz. I love the music on Charlie Haden's debut album *Liberation Music Orchestra* (Impulse AS9183). It is in the tradition of the classics in protest jazz i.e., Duke Ellington's "Black, Brown and Beige," the fable of Faubus that Charles Mingus tells so well, "Malcom Malcom Semper Malcom" by Archie Shepp and "We Insist, the Freedom Now Suite" by Max Roach.

cont. on p. 15

Peabody...

cont. from p. 16

of interacting with people in terms of love and the physical experience?

Bill Russo creates the walls of this environment for us. We no longer have to bother ourselves about recognizing the things which are around us (as we should) here is the ready made answer, at least for the time spent in the world he's created. When you listen to Russo, he proves he's alive. Now, how do you prove the same?

To those who have ears that actually hear the society around them, the rock theater is an uncensored success to be art in a world composed of nothing but art.

What is art?

What isn't?

Here the composer is equal to the performer is equal to the listener. An equation of equality... what an ideal that has been reached. That's why when you listen and experience the theater you come away feeling good about the whole thing. There's none of that left over stigma of Art in the Lyric or the portrait of the Artist, there's only the realization that you are part of the art that exists in your own world, whether you're turned on to it or not. Bill Russo turns you on to yourself and others in your world. What more is there to do than that?

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7:00 Newsweek
7:15 Newsweek Weather: Perry Andrews
7:20 Newsweek Sports: Jack Dawson
7:30 Get Smart
8:00 Tim Conway Show
8:30 Hogan's Heroes
9:00 CBS Friday Night Movie
11:15 Weather Watch
11:20 Sports Watch
11:30 Friday's Big Movie
1:45 Bonus Feature
3:05 Bible Reading
3:15 Sign Off

SATURDAY, March 7

12:00 The Monkees
12:30 Wacky Races
1:30 Woman's Journal
1:30 Your Family Doctor
2:00 ACC Basketball
4:00 CBS Golf Classic
5:00 College Show
5:30 Saturday's Top Movie
7:00 CBS Evening News
7:30 Jackie Gleason Show
8:30 My Three Sons
9:00 Green Acres
9:30 Petticoat Junction
10:00 Mannix
11:00 Newsweek
11:15 Weather Watch
11:20 Sports Watch
11:25 Big Movie
1:45 Bonus Feature
3:05 Bible Reading
3:10 Lord's Prayer
3:15 Sign Off

SUNDAY, March 8

12:00 Picture for a Sunday Afternoon
1:30 To be announced
2:00 NHL Hockey
4:30 Killy Challenge
5:00 TBA
5:30 Original Amateur Hour
6:00 CBS Sunday News
6:30 Death Valley Days
7:00 Lassie
8:00 To Rome with Love
8:30 Ed Sullivan Show
9:00 Glen Campbell Hour
10:00 Mission Impossible
11:00 Newsweek
11:15 Weather Watch
11:20 Sports Watch
11:30 Merv Griffin Show
1:00 Late News
1:05 Bible Reading
1:10 Sign Off

MONDAY, March 9

6:30 CBS Evening News with Walter Cronkite
7:00 Newsweek
7:15 Newsweek Weather: Perry Andrews
7:20 Newsweek Sports: Jack Dawson
7:30 Gunsmoke
8:30 Here's Lucy
9:00 Mayberry RFD
10:00 Doris Day Show
10:30 Carol Burnett Show
11:00 Newsweek
11:15 Weather Watch
11:20 Sports Watch
11:30 The Merv Griffin Show
1:00 Late News
1:05 Bible Reading
1:10 Sign Off

TUESDAY, March 10

6:30 CBS Evening News with Walter Cronkite
7:00 Newsweek
7:15 Newsweek Weather: Perry Andrews
7:20 Newsweek Sports: Jack Dawson
7:30 High School Bowl
8:00 Man to Man
8:30 The Red Skelton Show
9:30 The Governor and J.J.
10:00 CBS Reports
11:00 Newsweek
11:15 Weather Watch
11:20 Sports Watch
11:30 The Merv Griffin Show
1:00 Late News
1:05 Bible Reading
1:10 Sign Off

WBAL—Ch. 11

FRIDAY, March 6

6:30 Huntley-Brinkley Report
7:00 TV 11 News: Seven O'Clock Edition
7:30 High Chaparral
8:30 Name of the Game
10:00 Bracken's World
11:00 TV 11 News: Eleven O'Clock Edition
11:30 Tonight Show
1:00 News Headlines
1:05 Charlie Chan Festival: "Charlie Chan at the Olympics"
2:35 Devotions
2:40 Sign-Off

SATURDAY, March 7

12:00 Jambo
12:30 Underdog
1:00 Kerby Scott
2:00 NCAA Basketball
6:00 Pinbusters
7:00 TV 11 News: Saturday Seven O'Clock Edition
7:30 Andy Williams
8:30 Adam-12
9:00 Saturday Night at the Movies
11:30 TV 11 News
12:00 Tonight Show
1:00 News Headlines
1:05 Devotions
1:10 Sign-Off

SUNDAY, March 8

12:00 Sunday Afternoon Show: "Barish"
2:00 Meet the Press
2:30 Experiment in TV
3:30 Outdoors With Liberty Mutual
4:00 Once Upon A World
5:00 Man on the Moon
5:30 G.E. College Bowl
6:00 TV 11 News
7:00 North Star
7:30 Wonderful World of Disney
8:30 Bill Cosby Show
9:00 Bonanza
10:00 Brass Tacks
11:00 TV 11 News
11:30 Suspense Theatre: "The Gun"
12:30 News Headlines
12:31 Devotions
12:40 Sign-Off

MONDAY, March 9

6:30 Huntley-Brinkley Report
7:00 TV 11 News: Seven O'Clock Edition
7:30 My World and Welcome To It
8:00 Rowan & Martin's Laugh-In
9:00 Monday Night Movies
11:00 TV 11 News
11:30 Tonight Show
1:00 News Headlines
1:03 Devotions
1:15 Sign-Off

TUESDAY, March 10

6:30 Huntley-Brinkley Report
7:00 TV 11 News: Seven O'Clock Edition
7:30 Winnie the Pooh
8:00 Debbie Reynolds Show
8:30 Julia
9:00 Tuesday Night Movies
11:00 TV 11 News
11:30 Tonight Show
1:00 News Headlines
1:03 Devotions
1:15 Sign-Off

WJZ—Ch. 13

6:30 ABC Evening News
7:00 Eyewitness News
7:30 The Flying Nun
8:00 The Friday Movie
10:00 Love American Style
11:00 Eyewitness News
11:30 The Dick Cavett Show
1:00 The Late Show
2:30 The Christophers
2:45 Inspiration

SATURDAY, March 7

12:00 Eyewitness News
12:30 Conversations in Black and White
1:00 The Government Story
1:30 Western

Ch. 67—WMPB

FRIDAY, March 6

6:30 What's New?
7:00 Bridge with Jean Cox
7:30 News in Perspective
8:30 Net Playhouse
9:00 Why You Smoke
10:30 Alcoholics are People
11:00 Operation Information

SATURDAY, March 7

12:30 Teacher Training
1:30 Let's Lipread
1:00 Designing Woman
1:30 French Chef
2:00 Southeastern Network Program
3:00 Sesame Street
4:00 Sesame Street
5:00 Documentary
6:00 Speaking Freely
7:00 Alcoholics are People
7:30 Net Festival
8:30 Producer's Choice
9:30 Creative Person
10:30 The Show
11:00 Operation Information

SUNDAY, March 8

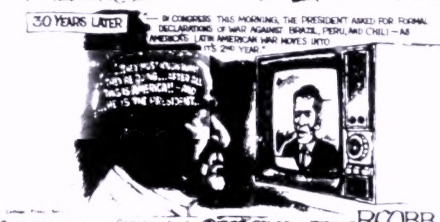
12:00 Efficient Reading
12:30 Book Beat
1:00 Producer's Choice
2:00 Creative Person
3:00 Jim Date Reviews
3:30 Performance
5:00 Net Journal
6:00 French Chef
6:30 The Show
7:30 Net Playhouse
9:00 The Forsythe Saga
10:00 The Advocates

MONDAY, March 9

7:00 What's New?
7:30 U.S.A. Poetry
8:00 World Press
9:00 Net Journal
10:00 Why You Smoke
10:30 Bridge with Jean Cox
11:00 Operation Information

TUESDAY, March 10

7:30 What's New?
7:00 Folk Guitar
8:30 The Forsythe Saga
9:30 Soul
9:30 Efficient Reading
10:00 Why You Smoke
10:30 Modern Math for Teachers
11:00 Operation Information



Welcome to brother fox land



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FI Record Shop
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NOTHING EVER HAPPENS IN BALTIMORE

March 7, 1970

MUSIC-Jazz group at Roosevelt drummer: Pernel Rice
Piano: Claude Hubbard
bass: Phil Harris
Fri. and Sat. 312 W. Camden St.
Phone PL 2-9465

CIRCUS Ringling Bros. Barnum & Bailey Circus, Civic Center through the 16th 201 W. Baltimore St.

THEATER "Park", a new musical by Paul Cherry and Lance Mulcahy

8:30 P.M. Center Stage
ART Sculptures and drawing at Pells Point Gallery from March 6-April 1

WED. and Fridays 11 A.M. to 3 P.M.
Sun. 2-5 P.M. 811 South Broadway

MUSIC Gregory Kihn at the Crossroads

-Faith Presbyterian Church
Lochaven Blvd. and Woodbourn Ave.

MUSIC Bette White at Ozymandian

Ruins 5700 Park Heights Ave.

MUSIC Michael Hunt at the Jewish

Community Center 7401 Park Heights

MUSIC Judy Broten Seed of

Discovery 236 E. 25th Street

MUSIC Joshua at the Bluesette

2439 N. Charles Street \$2.00

MUSIC James Gilleran-baritone

Cathedral of Mary Our Queen

5300 N. Charles St. Phone 433-8880

5:30 P.M.

MUSIC Maryland Symphonette Gatto-

Conductor Morgan State College.

Coldspring Lane and Hillen Road

March 8, 1970

MUSIC James Gilleran

see March 7, 1970

MUSIC Maryland Symphonette

see March 7, 1970

MUSIC Bach Society of Baltimore

Woodhead-conductor. Goucher

College Dulany Valley Rd.

Phone 825-3300

OUTDOORS EVENTS Advanced Rock

Climbing Sugar Loaf Mt. 9 AM

All others at

2514 N. Charles

CONCERT Young Artist Concert. The

Maryland Symphonette, Murphy,

auditorium, Coldspring Lane and

Hillen Rd. 8:15 PM

JAM-Bluesette

2439 N. Charles Street \$1.00

International Women's Day

Baltimore Women's Liberation is

sponsoring a special meeting for

men and women. 6 p.m. Unitarian

Hall Charles and Franklin Streets

March 9, 1970

ART 9-27 Monday-Friday 8-10 a.m.

Art Exhibit "Calligraphic Painting"

Essex Community College Ridge Rd.

at Kennedy Expressway phone 682-6000

LECTURE Friday -8 p.m.

"Force of Evil" Essex Community
College for address see above

March 10, 1970

MUSIC Northeast Baltimore Symphony

Society Baltimore Symphony

Morgan State 323-2270

MEETING Peace Action Center see

MUSIC Philadelphia Orchestra

Eugene Ormandy-conducting Lyric

128 W. Mt. Royal Ave.

March 11

Conference on New Directions

of the anti-war movement.

Levering Hall, JHU, 7:30 P.M.

March 12, 1970

LECTURE Maryland Academy of

Science Lecture Lyric Theater

Phone 685-5086

MUSIC Wilbert Harrison The Main

Point 874 Lancaster Ave. Bryn Mawr,

Pa. Thurs. through Sun March 12-15

Breve 1 East Mt. Vernon Pl.

Phone 837-0600

MUSIC Gregory Kihn The Wine Celler

Towson Presbyterian Church

Chesapeake and Highland Aves.

March 13, 1970

MUSIC Peabody Conservatory Opera

Department Hans Henze "The End of

a World" and de Falla "La Vida

Breve" 1 East Mt. Vernon Pl.

Phone 837-0600

MUSIC Roosevelt Bar

Jazz group see March 7

MUSIC Senior Recital

Margaret Lindsey, soprano

Morgan Christian Center, 5 p.m.

E. Coldspring Lane and Hillen Rd.

Phone 323-0339

THEATER

The Ira Aldridge Players

"Father Uxbridge Wants to Marry"

by Gagliano. Murphy Auditorium

8:15 p.m. Morgan State College

E. Coldspring Lane and Hillen Rd.

MUSIC Bette White

Seed of Discovery 236 E. 25th

Street

MUSIC Michael Hunt Milford Mill

High School

MUSIC son of coffee grounds

Mike Quitt-Pat Nixon

Roland Ave. * Oakdale Drive

8:30 p.m.

March 14, 1970

MUSIC The Gold Standard Coffee

House Second Presbyterian Church

St. Paul and Stradford Rd.

gory Kihn

OUTDOOR ACTIVITIES Session two

Advanced Rock Climbing-Sugar Loaf

FREE SCHOOL FESTIVAL

The Stony Run Friends'

Meetinghouse 5116 N. Charles St.

9 a.m. -9 p.m.

THEATER--see March 13

"Father Uxbridge"

MUSIC Washington National Symphony

Zino Francescotti-Violinist Lyric

Theatre 128 W. Mt. Royal Avenue

Phone 685-5086

SPORTS Morgan State VS Johns Hopkins

University at Johns Hopkins, 9 a.m.

MUSIC Bette White

Seed of Discovery 236 E. 25th

Calhoun-Bluesette

2439 N. Charles Street

March 15, 1970

MUSIC Chamber Music Society of

Baltimore. Seventeenth Anniversary

of Aaron Copland, Speaker, pianist,

ensemble. Baltimore Museum of Art

Charles and 31st St 889-1735

MUSIC Harold Willis; Organist.

Cathedral of Mary Our Queen 5:30 PM

Reedemer 5300 N. Charles St. 433-8800

MUSIC New York Pro Musica Goucher

Concert Dulany Valley Road 825-3300

MUSIC Handel Choir Chamber Ensemble

Lillienstein, conductor. Church of the

Redeemer 5603 N. Charles St. 435-7333

MUSIC Howard University Choir Lawson,

conductor Morgan State College

E. Cold Spring and Hillen Rd

OUTDOOR ACTIVITIES Advanced rock

climbing session 3 9 AM.

THEATER see March 13 "Father Uxbridge

Wants to Marry" 3:30 PM Morgan State

MUSIC New York Pro Musica The world's

most performers of early music in a

program of masterpieces of 16th and

17th centuries. Goucher College

Dulany Valley Rd. 825-3300

MUSIC Ames Oaks at the Bluesette

2439 N. Charles St.

MUSIC Veronica Tyler soprano 8:15 PM

Lyric Theater 128 W. Mt. Royal Ave.

CONCERT-HARRY BENEFIT Corpus Christi

Ball Mt. Royal and Lafayette (next to

Maryland Institute) -LIGHT-AMES OAKS-

CALHOUN-MEAT- AUX-and others. 3 PM 'til

Midnight.

March 17

SPORTS Clippers vs Rochester

Civic Center Arena

201 W. Baltimore St. 727-0703

MARCH 18

MUSIC Baltimore Symphony Lyric

Geza Anda, pianist.

Comissionsa;conductor.

RECITAL The Howard University

Choir- Dr. Warner Lawson, Director.

Murphy Auditorium 8:15 PM Morgan

E. Coldspring Lane and Hillen Rd

SEMINAR Speaker: Mr. Osborne

Parochment "Some properties of

finite fields" Key 107 4:00 PM

Morgan State College.

SPORTS Bullets vs 76'ers

Civic Center 8 PM

MARCH 19

SYMPOSIUM Adult Aphasia. Hildred

M. Schuell, PhD Director, Aphasia

Section of Neurology

Veterans Administration Hospital

MUSIC Baltimore Symphony Berl

Senofsky-violinist Lyric Theater

SPORTS Professional Boxing 8 PM

Sports Activities, Inc. 685-7282

Civic Center Arena

MARCH 20

MUSIC Robbie Patt- Mike Curran

Son of Coffee Grounds Roland Ave

and Oakdale Dr. 8:30 PM

SPORTS Ice Hockey Clippers vs

Hershey Bears Civic Center 8 PM

Baltimore Ice Sports, 727-0703.

continuing

MUSIC Odetta plus Janey and Dennis.

Thurs.- Sun. March 5-8. The Main

Point 874 Lancaster Avenue Bryn Mawr,

Pa. LA 5-3375

EXHIBIT Paul Moscott-Iconographic

Self-portraits University of Maryland,

Baltimore County Campus Gallery in the

Library Wilkins and Walker Aves.

March 6-13.



continuing

Community Supper - Thurs. 6pm at:
Learning Action Center, 321 E. 25th St.,
3rd floor. Bring food to share.

Womens Liberation Meeting - Thurs.,
8pm. 3037 Guilford, 2921 St. Paul.

GI Organizing Meeting - 1st and 3rd Wed.
2912 North Calvert, 8pm

Seminar in non-violence - Wed. at Learning
Action Center, 321 E. 25th St.,
3rd floor, 6pm

Folk dancing - Thurs. at Johns Hopkins
Levering Hall, 8pm \$75

Baltimore GI's United - Sat. nights at
3903 Old York Rd. 7 pm.

People's Action Center	889-0065
Friends Service Committee	
Draft counselling	366-7200
Baltimore Transit	539-5000
Police Emergency	222-3333
Fire	685-1313
Fire Ambulance	685-2440
Coast Guard Rescue	789-1600
Planned Parenthood	732-3550
GOD	944-2540
Learning Action Center	235-1273
HARRY	243-2150
Black Panther Party	342-8536
Youth Intrest Program	366-7188
Cold Duck	944-8066
Dial-A-Fascist	821-7171
Crisis center	539-5303
ACLU	685-5195
Legal Aid Bureau	539-5340
	675-5218
	669-5695
City Health Clinics	
Eastern District	732-7110
Western District	837-2710
Curtis Bay	355-1338
Druid District	728-0600
Southeastern District	324-5200



THEATER

A Grace Cavalieri Festival at
THE CORNER THEATER
853 North Howard Street
Call 728-4707 for information

March 6-21

"Park" a new musical by

Paul Cherry at CENTER

Stage 11 E. North Ave.

685-5020

March 4-6-7-8-11-13-14-15

"Slow Dance on the Killing

Ground" THEATER U

Garrison Blvd. Church Center

at Garrison Blvd. and Alto Road

8:30 Students and Servicemen

\$1.00 Reg. admission \$2.50.

Call 664-1698 or 367-9137

TO HAVE ITEMS INCLUDED IN THE

CALENDAR, call 243-2150, or write

CALENDAR

"HARRY"

233 E. 25th Street

Baltimore, Md. 21218

